How the Olympic Boycott Will Hurt the Politburo

...g Bombs—*Michael Howard* • Family and State—*Lawrence Stone*

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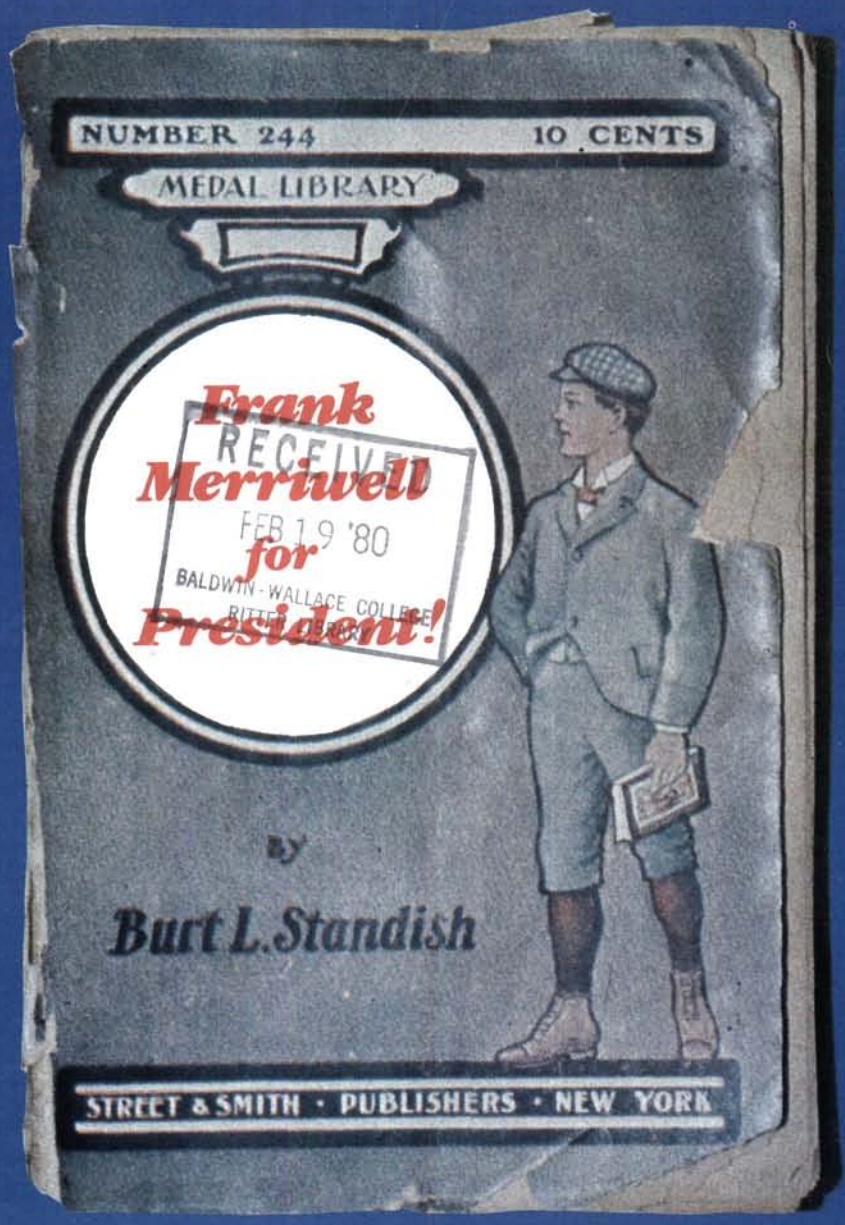
February 16, 1980 Price One Dollar



Joseph Kraft and Henry Fairlie Haze George Bush

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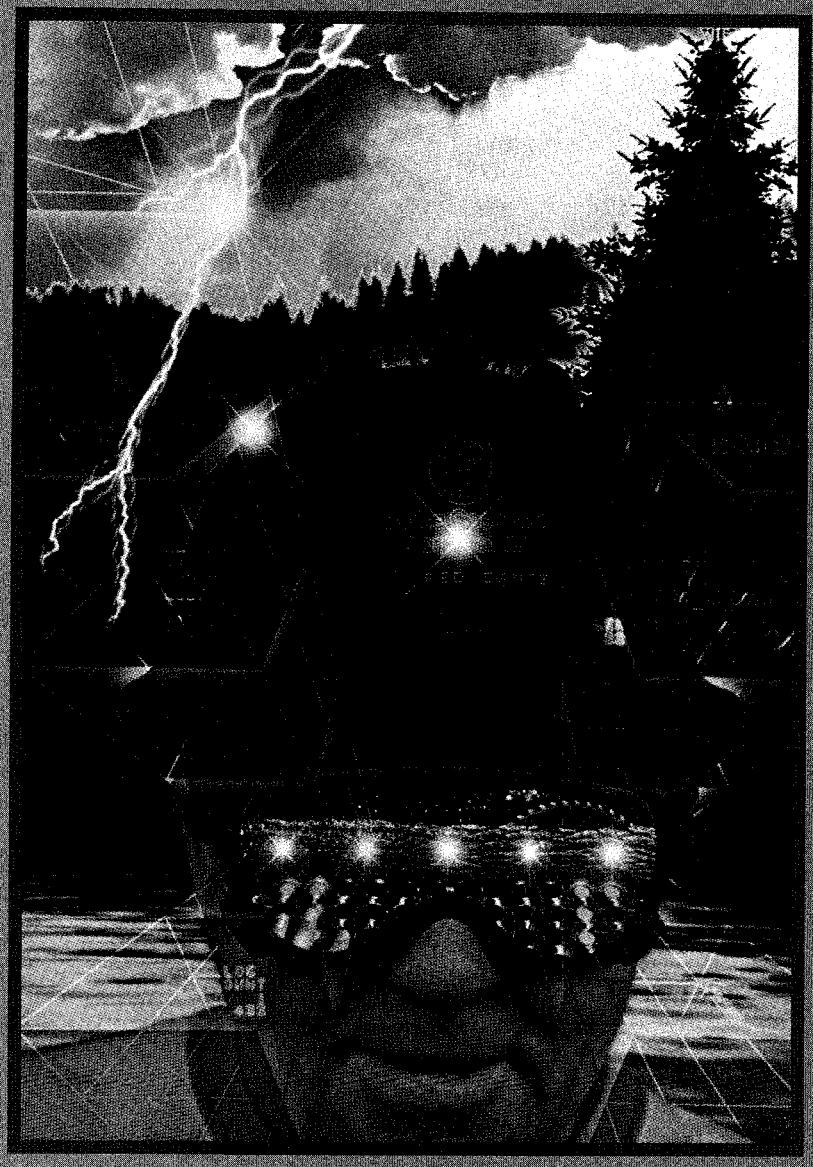
Red Gantz has seen the light.



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TRB

from Washington
February 16, 1980

The Moose Jaw Model

Up in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, where the average February temperature warms up from 10 degrees below to 14 above during heat waves, they are going out with frosty breaths to vote in the national election next Monday (February 18). It is only the sixth midwinter election since Canadian Confederation in 1867. Every five to 10 years Americans ought to take a look northward at Canada's superior form of government. If you doubt that it is, consider the interminable series of US primary hurdles stretching ahead of us now from New Hampshire to California; think of all the words the broadcasters will spin out of them (ho-hum)—and then the conventions and the actual combat after that. Jimmy Carter spent three years electioneering; the average election spreads over a year and a half. At the end, 54 percent of the voters vote (1976). In Canada about 76 percent turned out the last time after the customary, mercifully short 60-day contest.

Government is livelier in Canada. Jimmy Carter is going to have his seventh or eighth regular press conference this week; in Ottawa the prime minister has to endure a 40-minute "question period" every legislative day. Rather than polite questions from reporters and White House guests, he faces challenging if not vituperative questions from MPs after his scalp. The opposition MPs test themselves in parliamentary combat with the country's chief politician. It makes a swell show and competes with hockey. It would be interesting to see Jimmy Carter subjected across the aisle to what has been called a daily "confrontation about the competence of governors."

In the contest between Joe Clark, Conservative, Pierre Trudeau, Liberal, and the others, the voters, of course, don't vote directly for the prime minister. Neither do Americans vote for a president. In Canada they vote for local candidates and the party conventions pick the legislative leaders. In the United States we vote for members of an obscure electoral college or constitutional what-is-it, by which the Founding Fathers were foreshadowing a possible parliamentary system under the Constitution. It didn't turn out that way. It could still be twisted back into that form, I suppose, without a constitutional amendment, but that is unlikely. Our system means that the president is not only head of government (politics) but head of state, too (ceremonial), with all those sacerdotal jobs, wreath-layings, official beatitudes, and so on. In Ottawa the governor general (ostensibly picked by the qieen but actually selected by the government) shares the work load with the prime minister.

Historian James MacGregor Burns says that "the American system, in its ultimate foundation, is built upon a belief in weak government." George Washington didn't even want political parties and warned against "factions": the elite electoral college would pick the national leader. Two hundred years later in 1976 Senator Walter Mondale had a try for the presidency and then decided it wasn't his cup of tea: he looked at the process in horror and referred to the "absolutely incredible present system of state presidential primaries and conventions." (There were 32 primaries then; there are 37 today, and in 1984 there will be 50.) Mondale, with the support of a couple of Republican colleagues, Baker of Tennessee (now a candidate) and Bob Packwood of Oregon, suggested regional primaries; later came a new idea. Seventeen senators proposed a presidential commission to examine the nominating process as a whole. President Jerry Ford thought it "a good idea and we will take it under advisement." He didn't do anything, however, and Mondale, Baker, and Packwood wrote him that they were "increasingly convinced . . . that the presidential nominating process is in need of serious, fundamental and comprehensive review." They added: "Incredibly enough throughout our 200-year history there has never been such a study. . . ."

Today Richard Bolling, Democrat of Missouri, chairman of the House Rules Committee, has introduced bills for a commission to consider reorganization of the executive and legislative branches of government. He is one of the ablest members. Herbert Hoover chaired two commissions in 1947 and 1955 that examined the workings of government and concerned themselves primarily with reorganization; the election process itself might well be so scrutinized today.

The prestige of Congress has never been so low. I think I have never known a time when the government itself was more decentralized, fragmented, and disjointed. The discipline of political parties is disappearing. In Canada it is accepted that parties are a necessity for running the government; not parties just in name, but strong organizations capable of creating programs and carrying them out. With its more flexible government Canada instituted social security legislation well before the United States. It has had national health insurance for years. Under the Election Expenses Act it put a lid on what can be spent before we did and included government subsidies. There is a difference between the Canadian subsidies and our own: the political parties in Canada have a share of responsibility in allocating public assistance so that candidates look to them; it would be a wonderful restorative of US party authority if we adopted the system.

Canadian government helps get out the vote, too. Washington has debated federal support for this for years, and is slowly edging toward it. Canadian authorities canvass and enumerate voters so that getting on the eligible list is almost automatic. A few weeks before election some 110,000 enumerators knock on doors registering voters. It is an accepted part of government's responsibility.

Now comes the vote. Television won't broadcast how balloting is going in the East until the polls close on the Pacific—it might have a follow-the-leader effect. So a nation so big it has six time zones makes an icy trek to a frosty franchise.

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Correspondence

The gold-paper balance

To the editors:

Quirk has written an interesting and informative article about gold ("A Cross of Paper," *TNR*, January 19, 1980), but he doesn't quite understand how the gold standard works. "Government could only expand the money supply by getting more gold," he writes, "and the world supply of gold is practically static." This is an incorrect understanding of the gold standard. When correctly operated by the central bank, the gold standard ensures that the (paper) money supply expands at the same rate as the *economy*. Quirk interprets the gold standard as ensuring that the (paper) money supply expands at the same rate as the *gold reserve*.

The gold standard works by permitting citizens to come to one of two windows at the central bank, bearing either gold or paper money, mutually convertible at a rate which never fluctuates. If a long line of people shows up at the "gold" window, the government knows it has printed too many bills. It phones the Bureau of Engraving & Printing and orders the money press slowed down or stopped. That will stop inflation, and after a while people will show up with gold demanding those (now scarce) paper dollars. The government aims, then, to print money at such a rate as to ensure neither an inflow nor an outflow of gold. Then there will be neither deflation nor inflation.

The great outflow of gold from the US Treasury from 1949 to 1971 indicated that inflation was taking place, but the US government neglected the signal. For that reason, some people have suggested that a country is apt to run a gold standard correctly only when it has a *small* gold reserve (as England did in the 19th century). With a small reserve, the central bank cannot afford to let the gold "run out" and thereby neglect the inflation signal.

Similarly, the accumulation of gold by the Treasury in the late 19th century was an indication that deflation was occurring. That was the period when the US was being "crucified on a cross of gold." William Jennings Bryan was in a way right. The government should have printed money until people stopped bringing in gold.

In short, one of the main problems with the gold standard is that governments can be "on" it and not know how to work it properly. In a country where the gold standard is functioning correctly (no inflow or outflow of gold) *the electorate controls the money supply*. Monetarists claim that exactly the same result can be achieved if monetary theorists are allowed to control the money supply. That is why Milton Friedman is anti-gold. In theory, the monetarists are perfectly correct. But in practice, the people bearing gold or paper are a more effective, less easily ignored barometer of inflation than M1 and M2.

Tom Bethell
Washington Editor
Harper's
Washington, DC

¿Habla Español?

To the editors:

H.W. Fowler generally condemns the use of French words in English writings as a vulgar display of apparent superior knowledge. This becomes even more distressing when the French words are either misspelled or misused. Thus, in a recent issue of *The New Republic* (December 22, 1979), one writer criticizes Dr. Szasz as *plus royalist que le roi*. He meant *plus Royaliste que le roi*. Your editor-in-chief labels Pierre Cardin the *Haute couturier*. He meant either the *haut couturier* or the dean of *la haute couture*. In either event, a suitable English phrase is available without running afoul of malapropisms.

Joseph Winston
New York, New York

In defense of the UN

To the editors:

Shirley Hazzard's diatribe against the United Nations titled "The League of Frightened Men" in your issue of January 19 expresses a point of view we are accustomed to hear from her, but is marked this time by a deplorable use of personal invective against Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. What seems to have agitated Hazzard this time is the secretary-general's recent trip to Iran. Why this difficult and risky mission, which was supported and welcomed by the entire international community and endorsed by the Security Council, should have so incensed Hazzard is not clear in view of her usual scolding of the United Nations for not trying to do anything in serious situations.

Hazzard dismisses the secretary-general's visit to Iran as constituting total rejection by the Iranians. She fails to mention that he had extensive talks in Tehran with both the foreign minister and the Revolutionary Council, and since his return has been in regular contact with the Iranian authorities. This puts quite a different light on the visit. She makes much of the secretary-general's relationship with the previous regime in Iran for 25 years and was universally recognized as such. His sister, Princess Ashraf, was the accredited representative of Iran to various UN organs and was also universally recognized as such. The Iranian government did indeed make financial contributions to various UN programs. The United Nations is an intergovernmental organization and deals with governments, including that of Iran, whatever their leadership.

Opinion is one thing, however, and misrepresentation is another. It is not acceptable to fabricate such McCarthyesque lies as that Secretary-General Waldheim "took part in the Nazi youth movement," nor is it convincing to imply that "self-righteous timidity" was the main characteristic of U Thant, a good and much misrepresented man who, whatever else he may have been, was certainly not timid.

Hazzard makes a blanket accusation concerning the silence of the UN secretariat as regards human rights. No one claims that the UN's performance in the human rights field is above reproach, but a minimal amout of research, although it would have spoiled the story, would have shown her that successive secretaries-general had indeed been active in a number of the cases she mentions: for example, Vietnam, Biafra, Ethiopia, Chile, and Uganda. She also could easily have found out that the secretary-general is personally and perennially engaged in intensive negotiations on a wide range of human rights violations and frequently achieves significant results—an activity, incidentally, warmly approved by the head of Amnesty International. If Hazzard believes that public denunciation is more likely to achieve desirable results for the victims of such violations than quiet work with the government concerned, she must be naive indeed.

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The secretary-general and his colleagues in the secretariat are for the most part denied the luxury of public moral denunciations or of playing the conscience of the world if they are to continue to maintain the relationships with governments and the confidence necessary to carry out the difficult and exacting functions assigned to them by the international community. Nobody is more aware of its shortcomings and frustrations than those who work in the United Nations, and constructive criticism is welcome and essential. Strident attacks on the organization and its servants, in complete disregard of realities, for not playing a role that is not theirs to play may make sensational reading. They are hardly relevant, however, to the central problem, which Hazzard so righteously pretends to have espoused, of how to make the UN more effective in a dangerous world.

Robert M. Ratner, President
United Nations Association
of the United States of America
New York, New York

Shirley Hazzard replies:
Robert Ratner's letter illustrates the futility of seeking United Nations reform through such agencies as his, which see themselves as mere instruments of UN propaganda. Mr. Ratner in fact refutes nothing in my article; but I shall be glad to verify each detail with him publicly.

As Solzhenitsyn points out in his Nobel address (or "diatribe," as Mr. Ratner would call it if he could bring himself to refer to it), the UN refusal to uphold its own Universal Declaration of Human Rights is central to all UN failure. Mr. Ratner knows the black record of the UN on human rights as well as I do. The huge repository of unanswered appeals from the persecuted; the UN paralysis during 30 years of terror in Southeast Asia; the covert decision by UN relief agencies that allowed hundreds of thousands to die of starvation in Ethiopia: these are a few examples of a general disgrace.

Claims for Mr. Waldheim's "intensive negotiations" on human rights inspire little conference when he is revealed conferring his UN medal on Leonid Brezhnev for humanitarian services, and covertly trying to suppress literature by Soviet dissidents. Mr. Ratner is quite aware that UN secretariat sycophancy toward the shah's regime went vastly beyond the official norm; and that, in return for their special donations, the Pahlavis exacted prominent UN appointments as defenders of "rights," and public tributes by secretariat leaders to their "humanitarian ideals." This scandal continued long after the Amnesty report on torture in Iran was published. It is obvious that Waldheim would have been infinitely better placed to negotiate the hostage crisis if he ever had shown concern over the shah's atrocities. That he should now express anguish for the shah's victims and presume to establish a UN inquiry into the matter accords with the entire Orwellian farce. Any progress in the hostage impasse will derive from Iranian fear over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—another event in which the UN is powerless.

The sworn allegiances required from Mr. Waldheim, as student and soldier under Hitler, are not—as I made clear—my concern. It is with his repeated and continuing violations of the UN charter that I take issue.

On December 6 a UN staff rally urged the secretary-general to adhere to the charter, and appealed against the present lack of moral leadership. The chaos and demoralization of UN services have been confirmed in innumerable UN reports, public and secret. Yet UN staff representatives inform me that neither Mr. Ratner nor his associates have ever approached them for information.

As I write, I learn that Andrei Sakharov, from his place of detention, has allowed himself "the luxury of public moral denunciation" and "of playing the conscience of the world," while Kurt Waldheim confers his ghastly medal on a tyrant, and the Ratners of the world avert their eyes. Absent from Ratner's dishonest letter—as from decades of UN deliberations—is any expression of solidarity with the millions suffering under modern persecutions, or any comprehension of UN fatuity in the new dark age sweeping upon us.

I read Mr. Ratner's letter with disgust. These are, historically, the men who hold the towel on which Pontius Pilate dries his hands.

Shirley Hazzard
New York, New York

Poll-Faulting

To the editors:
As Morton Kondracke reported ("Bush by a Hair," *TNR*, January 26, 1980), the *Des Moines Register*'s final pre-caucus Iowa poll showed that Ronald Reagan's support had plummeted from 50 percent in late November down to 26 percent in January. "No one in any camp believes that Reagan's support really has fallen so low," Kondracke wrote, after charging that our phrasing of the poll question was "shoddy."

By now you know that the Reagan standing in that poll was very close to the result of the Iowa Republican precinct caususes: Reagan got 29 percent. By now you also know that the "conventional wisdom," which Kondracke embraced and which said Reagan would win with around 40 percent, was wrong—as usual.

And, for the record, here is the question Kondracke called shoddy: "As of today, which one of the following would you like to see nominated as the Republican candidate for president in 1980—John Anderson, Howard Baker, George Bush, John Connally, Philip Crane, Robert Dole, Ronald Reagan?"

James P. Gannon, Executive Editor
Des Moines Register and Tribune
Des Moines, Iowa

Morton Kondracke replies:
The question Mr. Gannon cites followed three questions referring to the January 5 Republican debate sponsored by his newspaper, including this one: "Do you think that Ronald Reagan has been helped or hurt politically in Iowa by his decision not to participate in the Republican debate?" This struck me as a set-up for an anti-Reagan response to Question 4, and was the reason I called the polling "shoddy." It is a simple fact that no one in any camp believed at the time I wrote that Reagan's support had fallen so low—and one reason was that Republicans in all camps shared my opinion that the *Register*'s questioning had an anti-Reagan bias. I did not wholly embrace the "conventional wisdom." I also predicted that if it snowed on caucus night, the final results would be Bush 32, Reagan 29. The final outcome was Bush 31.5, Reagan 29.4. It *didn't* snow. I apologize for my weather forecasting.

Filthy photo

To the editors:
Mark Twain wrote that farmers in a European country piled their barnyard manure in front of their houses as a matter of prestige. *The New Republic* certainly piled theirs out front with the cover of the January 26 issue. Because we are aware of the obscenities around us, is it necessary to pile the filth where decent people can't avoid the stench?

Ethel D. Kimberly
Mountain Home, Idaho

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Cover: from cover of Frank Merriwell Returns to Yale *by Burt L. Standish (Street and Smith Publishers, 1904). Articles beginning on page 15.*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 16, 1980

Steady, Big Fella

The Jimmy Carter who kissed Leonid Brezhnev at Vienna and declared that the Soviet president had the same dedication to peace that we have now is threatening war if the Soviet Union tries to gain control of the Persian Gulf "region." The same Jimmy Carter who said in 1977, "now, I believe in detente with the Soviet Union" is presiding over its demise and helping to inaugurate Cold War II. The same president who declared "we are now free of that inordinate fear of communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in that fear" is now sending emissaries throughout Southwest Asia begging dictators to take our aid. The 1976 presidential candidate who promised to slash the defense budget is now, as a president up for reelection, calling for military spending increases of $100 billion over the next five years.

For this massive reversal of policy, Jimmy Carter is winning rich political rewards. His confidence ratings in the polls are up from the low 20s to the mid-60s, and he is running far ahead of all potential challengers. The president's advisers claim that he has had to change positions because he has discovered new realities in the world. He says he now sees the world "as it is" as a result of having been lied to by his former peace partner, Brezhnev. We support many of the specific policies that make up Carter's born-again approach to the Soviet Union, but we are profoundly worried by the mindset that produced them—the emotionalism, the inconsistency, the moralism, the excessive swings in the president's mood from pacific euphoria to euphoric militance. And we are also worried by a similar swing in the mood of Congress and the American people.

What the United States needs is a steady vision of hegemonistic Soviet intentions and a firm resolve to struggle to thwart them. It should be clear to the West that the detente era did not bring about a surcease of Soviet efforts, but was part of its strategy: the conduct of war by other means. What are Soviet intentions? They are, from all available evidence, to shape the world to their designs by whatever means are available and according to whatever timetable the rest of the world will allow—by naked aggression, as in Afghanistan and Eastern Europe, if necessary; by proxy aggression, as in Africa and the Middle East, if possible; by subversion, by infiltration, by political pressure, by "wars of national liberation," by propaganda and military assistance, by assassination, by military buildups to alter the "correlation of forces" in its direction, by diplomacy, by intimidation.

The Soviets may stop their overt aggression for a while in Afghanistan, and even pull back a few troops to soothe world opinion. But once the crisis of this moment is over, the pattern of Western behavior—to relax, to forget, and to ignore the progress of Soviet advances until the next crisis—is all too likely to assert itself once more. The Carter administration began its tenure relaxed and ignorant. Now it is suddenly aroused and spreading panic. We need a determination on the part of the administration, Congress, and the American public to see the current challenge through calmly, and without reverting to lethargy, stay the distance—with political attention, economic assistance, food, exports, and with arms, if necessary.

If the Balkans were the unstable trigger in 1914 that set off World War I, the Near East is just as unstable in 1980. Pakistan, Iran, Beluchistan, India, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Lebanon, Syria, Israel—the area is a cauldron of mutual and internal tensions and hatreds whose dynamics the great powers of 1980 do not understand, but which they are nevertheless simultaneously stirring and stoking for national advantage. What could make the cauldron explode?

Two examples will suffice. The US government is now so worried about its reputation in the world that it thinks it would have to resist a Soviet incursion into Northern Iran—not because Azerbaijan is a vital US

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interest, but because this administration fears loss of credibility if it does not resist. Yet the only practical means of resistance is tactical nuclear weapons. Do the Soviets, with 22 or 23 divisions on the border, believe that the US really would go to war over Azerbaijan? Could they miscalculate, say, in the context of national breakdown in Iran? Another example. Northern Pakistan harbors some 100,000 Afghan refugees and is also a base and weapons store for rebels fighting Soviet troops in Afghanistan. The border between Afghanistan and Pakistan has long been in dispute, and the Pakistani side is thinly defended. Might the Soviet Union not be tempted to raid the area to wipe out rebel sanctuaries? It has no reason to think that the US would resist with military force, since we have none on the scene. But might Jimmy Carter think he had to intervene to protect US credibility or his electibility?

And if the Middle East does not provide dangerous ground enough, there is always the Balkans themselves—to wit, Yugoslavia, where it all started in 1914. Tito is not very far from death, and Belgrade is not very far from Sarajevo. It's reasonably clear that the US and its allies would resist a naked Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia, post-Tito, but what would happen if Macedonia decided to split off from Yugoslavia and "invite" Soviet protection?

What the United States needs is steady, resolute leadership, but we frankly admit we do not know where it is going to come from. We get wild swings of emotion and policy from the Carter administration. We get up-front confessions from Edward Kennedy that our vital interests are not worth shedding blood for. And from the major Republican candidates, we get undifferentiated calls to arms. Ronald Reagan says we ought to abandon SALT—not just SALT II, but SALT I as well. George Bush, who has learned nothing at all from Vietnam, thinks America has "commitments" everywhere—in Angola, Nicaragua, even to our "friends" (as he calls them) in Argentina. What we do *not* need is the kind of kneejerk cold warism Republicans are purveying, nor the credulousness that so far has characterized the Carter administration.

In the immediate circumstances, it is essential that we be clear about what our vital interests are and what we will do to defend them. What is vital in the Persian Gulf is oil, especially Saudi oil, and we should be prepared to defend it against any potential threat, internal or external. To do that, we need bases in the region—in Oman and Egypt, to be specific; in Saudi Arabia, if we can cajole our way in; and in Israel, if no place else is available. In an extreme contingency—say, a revolt in Saudi Arabia—we need forces on hand, and not slow deployment forces off in the United States, to defend the oil fields immediately.

We do need an increase in the US defense budget—but not the helter-skelter competition for new and higher percentages that is currently under way between Congress and the administration. Yes, Congress should approve money for ships, planes, and tanks, but we need a thorough review of the kinds of weapons we're building and what they will used for.

If we are going to have a huge national debate over conscription, it should be over the real thing instead of the divisive half-measure President Carter has proposed in draft registration. As matters now stand, we are rekindling Vietnam-style divisions and encouraging the Soviets and our allies to think of us as irresolute—over mere computer tapes. The present version of the volunteer army has failed. It has produced too few soldiers to man the Army. It costs too much to induce people to sign up. And those who do are often untrainable for modern warfare. As a massive Pentagon study revealed—according to the *Washington Star*, which unearthed it—49 percent of the US Army recruits fall into the 30th-to-50th percentile on national intelligence tests, compared to 26 percent in 1972, when the volunteer army was instituted. In one test, a quarter of our tank gunners did not know how to use their gunsights to aim a cannon.

One jester remarked after President Carter's State of the Union address: "He spoke stickly, but carried a big soft." We need better defense if we are to speak at all softly—and we need to talk. We need to talk to the Soviets right now about the tangle we are getting ourselves into, and about the mutual dangers we face. We do not need a summit, which might blow up and make matters worse, but high-level secret talks that might produce a pullback of Soviet forces from the Iranian and Pakistani borders and establish in Soviet ruling circles that the US pledge to defend its vital interests is not election-year posturing, but serious business.

We need SALT, impossible though it may be at the moment to get it through the Senate. US interests have been ill-served by the bitter-minded hawks who beat the strategic arms treaty to death in order to awaken the nation from the slumber of detente. Now the country is awake, but SALT remains an imperative. If the US is now prepared to compete with the Soviets on the ground and at sea, it remains in our mutual interest to limit the means we both have of destroying everything we are fighting over. And the SALT II treaty, whatever its imperfections, does that. It does not prohibit the US from doing anything it wishes to arm itself, and at the same time limits the Soviets from doing things they might do to press their advantage. A newly-leaked CIA study, for example, shows that the Soviets would be limited to 6000 nuclear warheads under SALT II, but are capable of building 14,000 by 1989 without it. Besides numerical limits, the treaty prohibits hiding missiles and masking tests. It provides a basis for rational judgment of what the Soviets are actually doing in missilery. Without SALT, we will be guided only by our own paranoia.

We need other things in this era. We need a new understanding with our allies about what we will do and what they will do to combat Soviet aggressiveness.

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UN MOMENT DE MARTELL

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DINNER IS OVER, BUT THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.

WHAT BETTER TIME TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD'S FINEST COGNAC—MARTELL.

AFTER ALL, MARTELL COGNAC HAS HELPED MAKE EVENINGS MEMORABLE SINCE 1715.

MARTELL V.S.P., V.S.O.P., AND CORDON BLEU.

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If they cannot or will not contribute directly to the defense of their own oil sources in the Persian Gulf, they can at least make up in money for what we spend by taking on a greater share of NATO expenses in Europe. If the Europeans cannot give up their closer relations with Eastern Europe, they can at least be sure they are not providing advanced technology that will surely find its way to Russia. Japan can build ships for us to use defending the Pacific. Because there are some places in the third world where it might be counter-productive for the US to assist democratic movements, the Europeans should take such assistance upon themselves, possibly through their political parties or labor organizations. If Thailand, Malaysia, or China wants arms, the Japanese certainly have the means to help pay for them.

We need to be clear who our allies are, and do nothing to undermine them. The Carter administration, in its rush to curry favor with Islamic nations, is about to turn the pressure up on Israel again to adopt policies leading toward creation of a Palestinian state in the West Bank—despite the president's own blurted statement that not a single Arab leader, in private talks, has advocated such an entity. Other solutions are possible for the West Bank, such as its return to Jordan, which would not involve insertion of a radical Soviet ally in the midst of the world's most unstable region.

The United States needs to look at its own internal strength, too. We need gas rationing to free us from dependence on Persian Gulf oil (and to give our allies, who will remain dependent, a stake in the gulf's protection). We need to get our own economy working again by encouraging savings and investment to expand productivity, the only sure cure for inflation. We need to improve our miserable educational system and get our people paying more attention to the world. We need to make industry capable of competing in world markets. We need scholars, diplomats, and intelligence agents who are sensitive to rifts and agonies in the third world that have nothing inherently to do with the East-West conflict, but that provide opportunities for Soviet meddling. To improve intelligence, we do not need cold war measures to restrict public and congressional access to secrets. We need better intelligence agents who are not confined to tea-sipping with local elites and getting information from local intelligence services, as in pre-Khomeini Iran, but are in contact with bazaaris, student dissidents, angry colonels, rebel tribesmen, and other potential sources of trouble or opportunity.

What the US needs, too, is a conviction of the rightness of its values, not to impose them on others who aren't ready, or to harangue those who don't share them, but to underpin our own self confidence in resisting totalitarianism. The current administration has sped from one extreme to the other in its human rights policy, from disparaging the likes of General Zia in Pakistan to embracing him. The one policy offends and cuts us off from opportunities for limited cooperation; the latest policy puts us into unsupportable, unstable, and dangerous alliance. A steady policy can make it clear to the people of a dictatorship that it is their independence we support, and we can quietly militate for expansion of their human rights.

Finally, what we need is leadership—prudent and resolute leadership. We have not been well served by presidents who thought America needed to commit itself everywhere militarily and who gave us Vietnam. Nor by Nixon, who mistook a single agreement for a generation of peace, and gave us detente. Nor are we well served, so far, by Jimmy Carter, who seems alternately fixated by the forces of light and those of darkness. We do need a president who has studied history and understands strategy, who has a sense of limits but is not immobilized by them, who knows what assets the United States has and how to apply them, who can carry the nation with him through a long and sometimes ambiguous challenge. No candidate in 1980 obviously fulfills these needs. All we can hope is that one or more of them will show us he can approximately measure up.

Greensboro, 1980

Late in the afternoon of Monday, February 1, 1960, four freshmen from the Agricultural and Technical College, an all-black school in Greensboro, North Carolina, walked into a downtown Woolworth's, purchased a few small articles, sat down at the lunch counter, and ordered coffee. In accordance with the policy of the store, they were not served: "We don't serve colored here." They remained seated until closing time, then returned the next morning with 16 friends and sat all day. That was the beginning of the civil rights movement of the 1960s. Soon the Greensboro students were joined by hundreds and thousands of others, black and white, North and South.

Last week, the original four, now middle-aged, sat at the original lunch counter while a black vice-president of Woolworth's tried to serve them a meal (there were so many reporters asking questions that they were unable to eat) and the church bells of Greensboro rang in celebration. An American success story? Well, yes and no. Certainly the civil rights movement has had notable success, and the condition of black people in the United States is radically different from what it was in 1960. There are more black political leaders, corporate vice presidents, professionals of all sorts than ever before. Among middle-class blacks and whites something like equality has been achieved. And because the achievement was hard, it has bred a new pride and self-respect.

But the mass of American blacks do not yet share in this achievement or in its fruits. And the disorganized remains of the movement that began in 1960 don't seem able to help them. We need a new movement, new

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campaigns for civil rights—and also for the economic and social reforms that are necessary to make those rights meaningful for the poor and the unemployed. And as in the campaigns of the early 1960s, it is crucial that both blacks and whites be engaged, working together. A society of equals requires a common effort. It was good to celebrate the first such effort in Greensboro. But we have a long way to go before we rest.

White House Watch

Short of War

"I don't like the look of things," Mary Lou Brown wrote in the February 1 issue of her newspaper. "We are talking it up, scaring ourselves into it, and if we don't watch very carefully, we'll find ourselves in another war." Mrs. Brown edits the *Plains Georgia Monitor*, the weekly in President Carter's home town.

There is indeed a lot of talk about war. The temptation is to blame or edit our more diresome commentators, including some in this journal. The serious talk about war and the chance of getting into it originates with the President. Last January 12, a Saturday, he had an off-record chat with a few invited journalists in a sitting room in the White House mansion. A previous off-record luncheon with other journalists had been a shambles, public-relations-wise. In violation of the rules the occasion was reported and the President was quoted in paraphrase all over the place. The January 12 invitees were told that the meeting was not to be mentioned in their reports or in conversation and that nothing whatever was to be attributed to the President in any way. One of the guests, Henry Brandon of the London *Sunday Times*, and his London editors squeezed a five-paragraph report onto the front page under the headline "US PREPARED TO TAKE MILITARY ACTION IN ASIA." It began: "President Carter is so deeply concerned with Soviet action in Afghanistan that it can now be assumed he will not hesitate to take military action in the region." Longer reports in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and other newspapers didn't say much more. They got across the point, without quoting Carter or hinting that he was the source. He had said to his guests on January 12 what he shook the US and the world by saying in his State of the Union speech on January 23: "An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States. It will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force."

One of the weird facets of much of the current war talk is the note of surprise and shock that a President would say that a hostile effort to gain control of the Persian Gulf oil region would "be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States." In 40 years of observing foreign affairs, this reporter can't recall a time when reasonable people didn't assume as much, originally in terms of simple geopolitics and later in terms of oil. There are times for Presidents to leave the obvious unsaid, and times to say it. Carter picked the right time to say it. For doing so, he has been rewarded with outright distortion of what he said then, and later.

The *New York Times* of January 30 front-paged as if it were news a report that "President Carter said today that the United States could not, on its own, protect oil supplies in the Persian Gulf." Columnist Joseph Kraft wrote that Carter had "pulled back from his initial position" with the remark on which the *Times* based its report. Carter didn't pull back. One of a group of visiting editors asked him on January 29 whether "we do indeed have what it takes to draw that line and to make it stick." Carter answered that "we can protect our interests there," meaning in Southwest Asia and the Persian Gulf region, but not without the collaboration of concerned countries there and elsewhere. Three times in his State of the Union speech, before and after the "including military force" passage, he said the same. He was repeating himself when he concluded his answer to the visiting editor by saying, "I don't think it would be accurate for me to claim that at this time, or in the future, we expect to have enough military strength and enough military presence there to defend the region unilaterally, absent [in a clause omitted from some of the quotations] the kind of cooperation that I have described to you."

The required cooperation begins with the countries in and near the area, notably Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Oman, Somalia, and Kenya along the sea-line from the Persian Gulf to the US and Europe. What an involved US official calls "the constructive ambiguity" which shrouds the discussions with the governments of these countries puzzles and irritates many people, including this reporter and negotiators who know more about the difficulties than journalists can know. The ambiguity seems to be inescapable and is probably useful. The ruling sultan of Oman, for instance, said in a recent news interview that the US should declare and demonstrate its support of the Persian Gulf countries, including his. The interview was read to mean he was offering the US anything in the way of local military and naval basing facilities it wanted and he could provide. Officially and for purposes of serious negotiation, he had offered nothing as of February 4 and US officials were trying to find out what he had in mind. A fascinating aspect of the visit of Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher and presidential adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski to Pakistan and Saudi Arabia was the sequence of reports from the press corps with Christopher and Brzezinski about Saudi Arabia's attitude toward an American military presence in the area. First, before the party got to Riyadh, it was accepted as fact that Saudi Arabia's rulers rejected any American military presence in their country; then,

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from Riyadh, that sundry princes were willing to discuss the possibility; and finally, after Riyadh, that the Americans had reason to hope something might come of it. Very annoying, of course, especially from oil potentates who appear to get everything they want from the US. But it could be the only practicable way to get some of what the US wants. Ambiguity and patience continue to be in order. Whether they are or not, they will be what we continue to get.

What we have been getting for several weeks is a deliberate contribution to the tough talk from officials who would be promoting it only with the assent, and presumably upon the instruction, of President Carter. Two examples follow.

On January 24 Brzezinski invited a gaggle of State Department "regulars," reporters who cover the department daily, to the White House for the sort of background chat that he occasionally offers favored White House regulars. As at all such sessions, the understanding was that Brzezinski not be quoted. Whatever the attending reporters wrote could be attributed to a senior administration official but not to a White House official. Henry Bradsher of the *Washington Star* was present and began his story the next day: "The Soviet Union might have done western nations a favor by seizing Afghanistan, according to a senior administration official. In this view, the Soviet invasion caused the West to react to continuing Soviet trends that, if ignored, would have become more threatening. Despite the impact of the invasion on the Afghan people, the official indicated, the Soviet move could help to revitalize western defense and political will and thus prove to be a blessing in disguise."

Leonid Brezhnev said at a Kremlin banquet on February 3 that the Soviet Union still loves detente, does not want "to give up any of the good things achieved in the Seventies," and is determined that "reckless imperialist forces" not be allowed to wreck detente. Leaving out the reference to "reckless imperialist forces," a substantial number of US officials agree in a limited sense. They hope that the US and world reaction to the invasion of Afghanistan does not totally and permanently shelve detente in all its aspects. In the less belligerent passages of his State of the Union speech, Carter seemed to hope so too. But his spokesman, Jody Powell, ducked an opportunity to say so when he was asked to react to Brezhnev's speech. Powell was in the midst of a foreboding and gloomy analysis of the post-Afghanistan situation when the question was asked. He said in immediate response: "It's important that the American people take a good hard look at the potential for catastrophe in that part of the world. I don't know that you can predict with enough assurance, in the sense that you would bet your life on it, what the Soviet Union's intentions might be now or at some point in the future. But you've got to give serious attention to what it would mean if a hostile power controlled that region."

In short, and for now anyhow, Brezhnev can take detente and stuff it. This from the spokesman for the President who rebuked Gerald Ford for ditching the term detente and prided himself on restoring it to the language of American policy.

John Osborne

Yes, the Russians will feel it.

A Stillborn Olympics

The decision to invite the Olympics to Moscow was a serious gamble for Leonid Brezhnev. Even within the Soviet Union he stood vulnerable to ridicule because of the games. One joke circulating in Moscow last year depicted Brezhnev's opening speech at the 1980 ceremonies. Brezhnev, while reading a letter of greetings from the International Olympic Committee, trips over the Olympic symbol in the letter's masthead and begins pronouncing the five rings. "Ladies and gentlemen," Brezhnev begins, "O . . . O . . . O . . . O . . . O . . . ."

Hearing that joke in Moscow last year, I thought not only of Brezhnev's slurred speech and droll delivery but also of the difficult transition experienced by Soviet society in the years of detente. The Olympics seemed a further test of the Kremlin's ability to tolerate the influx of Western influences without yielding to political liberalization. For many Americans in Moscow (including me), it seemed doubtful that Moscow could survive the pressures of the crushing tourist wave next summer. The black market would be flooded with bluejeans and records, foreigners would go home forever disillusioned by Soviet inefficiency, and the police organs would try vainly to contain the growing ferment in Soviet society.

Now the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has changed everything. The crush of tourists may never arrive in Moscow, now that President Carter has moved to punish the Politburo for its aggression. The central question prompted by the debate over the Olympics is whether the Politburo will be substantially damaged by the boycott, or whether our refusal to attend the Olympics will serve merely as a symbolic gesture. It is unlikely that any American action, short of the use of military force, would compel a Red Army retreat from Kabul. What purpose, then, would the boycott serve?

In the last few weeks, voices have been raised to challenge the wisdom of the boycott strategy. Recently in the *New York Times* ("A Boon for the K.G.B.," January 31, 1980), Harrison Salisbury reminded readers of the potential headaches the hordes of Western tourists to Moscow would cause Soviet officials. Attempting to punish the Politburo, Salisbury writes, we will only ease the job of the KGB by relieving the city of the flood

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of thousands of foreign tourists. By our decision to boycott the Olympics, we will only help forces on the right in the Politburo gain the upper hand. No longer can thousands of Russians expect to mingle with Westerners "laden with capitalist fruits." No longer must Iurii Andropov, chief of the KGB, worry about the danger of Russians sampling Western literature, ideas, philosophy, and even (Salisbury adds for some bizarre reason) cocaine. In the end, Salisbury implied, we will only be serving the interests of the Kremlin hardliners responsible for the Afghanistan intervention.

I think Mr. Salisbury is wrong, for a variety of reasons. His remarks, however, do articulate the seriously flawed US assumption over the last decade that Soviet society would become westernized as the result of its expanded ties with the United States. As observers in the Soviet Union readily saw, we were wrong to expect moderate tendencies to grow from detente. Paradoxically, as the Soviet Union has eased its tensions with the West, it has tightened its controls over society. Although some say that President Carter's moves to punish the Kremlin for its actions in Afghanistan will only provoke reaction within Russia, the history of the Brezhnev administration shows that right-wing elements in the Politburo already have held the upper hand throughout the last decade. Even before Afghanistan and the exile of Sakharov, the banishment of Solzhenitsyn, the closing of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, and the arrests of Scharansky and Orlov indicated that the regime was not about to allow Western influence to get out of hand in Moscow. The Politburo's autumn decree ordering school-age children out of the city for the summer further displayed the assumption of the Soviet leaders that they can cope with the implicit dangers of the Olympics.

My contact with Russian friends last year convinced me of the flawed logic behind our faith in the liberalization of Soviet society. In Moscow the only result of increased exposure to the West was heightened cynicism toward the Soviet system. Sure, many Russians now wear bluejeans and listen to weak versions of Western rock'n'roll. But they also happily adjust their superficial Western lifestyles to the demands of being loyal Komsomol or party members. When I asked them about the dangers of holding the Olympics in Moscow, they scoffed at the idea that the Soviet police could not cope with the flood of tourists. "They'll just hire that many more agents. Whatever is needed to keep things under control, they'll do it."

All this was clear before the December events in Afghanistan. Now the question is how to make the Politburo pay for its aggression. Besides the obvious damage a boycott would cause the Kremlin—the blow to the prestige of the regime and the tremendous loss of expected hard currency from tourism—there is another, more complicated reason why the Politburo stands to suffer damage from the Olympcis boycott: the existing economic squeeze on Russian families, a squeeze that has been tightened recently because of preparation for the summer games.

The years of detente, certainly a time of increased contact with Western culture and ideas, also represented a period of rising expectations for Soviet consumers. Though Soviet living standards still lag far behind American standards, the 1970s were years of material progress. Cars now crowd Moscow's streets, electronic calculators can be seen in Soviet offices, and a greater variety of clothes and appliances can be found in Soviet stores. Yet despite all these improvements, Soviet consumers always have had to survive in a "deficit" (*defitsitnoe*) economy. Shortages and inefficiency have always marked the Soviet consumer system, but the years of preparation for the Olympics have made things worse.

Throughout the last year, Muscovites have used the Olympics as a scapegoat for their economic ills. Rumors about state hoarding for the summer visitors helped explain away the shortcomings inherent within the Soviet economy. When Russians apologized for the smallness of their homes or for the difficulty of finding meat in stores, they pointed to the Olympics as the reason for shortages in the economy. "We can't afford to pay for new apartment buildings until after the Olympics," they explained. *Vsio na Olimpiadu!* "Everything for the Olympics!" complained discontented Muscovites.

Critics of the grain embargo and Olympics boycott assume that Russian society can withstand any deprivation without losing its loyalty to the regime. Yet historically, shortages of food, especially at times of international humiliation, have dealt crippling blows to Russian regimes—witness the effects of the Crimean War, 1905, or 1917. In 1970 the Politburo bowed to the pressure of food rioting in Poland when it yielded to a change of government. The threat of food shortages is a matter of concern to the Kremlin, as was evident last year when rumors circulated in Moscow that factory workers in the city of Gorki (where the exiled Sakharov now lives) refused to vote in the annual election until the government brought meat to the city. For the week before and after the election, the Russian staple meats *kolbasa* (sausage) and hotdogs were sold in that Volga city. Moscow and Leningrad are the only Soviet cities with a reliable meat supply—that is, before the grain embargo. Throughout my year in Moscow, I would meet provincial visitors in the homes of Muscovite friends, visitors from Kalinin, Volgograd, and even Siberia who had come to buy meat in the capital. Soon *kolbasa* may become unavailable even in Moscow.

The Politburo now faces the prospect of a sharp reduction in the Russian meat supply in tandem with the international humiliation of an Olympics boycott. After sacrificing so much to make the Olympcis possible, Russian citizens may begin to question the wisdom of their government's actions in Afghanistan

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once they witness a stillborn summer Olympics. To the millions of average Russians who hardly would have been touched by the flood of Western influence, the economic pressures of the boycott and the grain embargo will have far greater meaning than a successful Olympics could achieve. Precisely now, after a decade of rising consumer expectations, the twin blows of the embargo and the boycott will hit the population hard. The Olympics boycott will not only deprive the Soviet system of vital hard currency obtained through the tourist trade, but also exacerbate tensions aroused by shortages of food and housing. In the last two or three years Soviet citizens have sacrificed to see millions of rubles poured into construction of tourist hotels and Olympics facilities. To know that this money has gone to waste because of the government's reckless commitment to defend the Afghanistan revolution is a thought more damaging to Andropov's KGB than any superficial exposure to Westerners could ever be. When the Red Army coffins begin to be airlifted back to Moscow from Kabul, the ordinary Russian may become much more impatient with the Politburo's sense of "duty" to defend foreign revolution.

Robert Herr

Robert Herr is the pseudonym of a Russian specialist who recently spent a year in the Soviet Union.

Tempest in a Vodka glass.

Afghanistan Doesn't Matter

Does Afghanistan matter? Obviously not. Not in terms of any vital American interest, that is. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is about as threatening to the United States—and as deserving of the world's condemnation—as was the American invasion of Santa Domingo 15 years ago. In both cases a superpower sent in its troops to prop up a foundering client regime which "invited" its aid in putting down an indigenous rebellion. Both nations were exerting their right to determine what was a proper form of political independence within an area they themselves defined to be—as superpowers are wont to do—within their sphere of influence. The so-called Brezhnev Doctrine, by which the Soviets in 1968 explained their invasion of Czechoslovakia as "fraternal aid" to neighbors threatened by a hostile ideology, was not much different in theory—though far more brutal in substance—than the Johnson Doctrine by which LBJ dispatched the Marines to the Caribbean three years earlier. And it was the obvious precedent for their recent action in Afghanistan.

Now this is a very nasty way to behave. The strong should have more respect for the weak. Great powers should not be so lacking in self-confidence that they feel threatened whenever one of the pygmies in their shadow thumbs its nose at them. Unfortunately the world does not operate by such rules of restraint and decency. Great powers not only insist on dominating their neighbors, but try to extend their sphere of influence into other continents and even into other hemispheres. Witness the Soviets in Cuba and the United States in Vietnam. Such ventures are always costly and sometimes disastrous. But apparently the lure is irresistible so long as great powers define their greatness by their ability to collect clients and demonstrate their military muscle.

No, Afghanistan does not matter so far as America's vital interests are concerned. Indeed a few months ago it would have been hard to conceive, were one playing some Pentagon parlor game, anything that mattered less. What happens there no doubt matters to the Afghans, and to a lesser degree to their neighbors, although the Indians and Iranians and Iraqis seem far less concerned than do Arizonans and Pennsylvanians. The Pakistani dictatorship has reason to welcome an event that has reopened the apparently boundless coffers of the US Treasury and led the American government to discover a vital interest in the territorial outlines of one of the world's more artificial and unstable national entities.

Once the current hysteria dies down the world will go on very much as before, except that now the Russians will have an interminable guerrilla war on their hands which will diminish their ability to deal with more serious matters, such as the pathetic state of their economy and the growing menace of a hostile China allied to the United States. Indeed from this point of view American policymakers should welcome the Soviet folly in Afghanistan (as perhaps they secretly do). Nobody, it would seem, learns from anyone else's folly. Nor even sometimes from their own.

Why then has an act of such marginal significance to Americans been greeted, in President Carter's hyperbolic words, as the "most serious threat to the peace since the Second World War?" The answer, in a word, is Iran. And the answer in two words is our elections. The seizure of the Tehran embassy provided the Carter administration—which had fallen to a level of disrepute even greater than that of Nixon during the depths of Watergate—with an unexpected boon. The president discovered that talking tough paid off at the public opinion polls. Then, just about the time that talking tough was beginning to have diminishing returns and the public was beginning to lose interest, Afghanistan came along.

Seizing this manna from heaven, the administration has now found an issue on which it can ride bravely into

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the November elections. The public has been persuaded, for the time being at least, that the consolidation of a Soviet puppet regime in Afghanistan represents—by some still unexplained logic of extension—an effort by the Russians to seize the oil resources of the Persian Gulf. And it has responded to this orchestrated fear of dark and cold nights by approving a vast new expansion of the military budget—one that will cost an *additional* $100 billion over the next four years, stimulate inflationary pressure, erode the dollar, and further weaken the competitive position of the American economy by draining off resources from productive uses. The administration will go into the election with a war-stimulated economy. The public will pay the bill later.

If Afghanistan is a phony crisis, why has the public been so aroused? Clearly because of Iran. The taking of the hostages in Tehran stimulated a national mood of humiliation and anger. That mood spilled over into Afghanistan, and it was orchestrated by the administration. Without Iran the United States would have responded to Afghanistan rather as it did to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia a dozen years ago: with indignation, contempt, and a realization that it did not affect the balance of power in any way. The stakes were far higher in Czechoslovakia in 1968, and that nation's geographical position was far more central to American interests. Yet no serious person in the Johnson administration suggested that the Soviets were preparing to attack Western Europe, nor was their action used to stimulate a climate of national hysteria in a presidential election year.

What the Carter administration has done—whether from a calculated design to cash in on the public's anxieties or from a dangerous misreading of the diplomatic stakes—is to have obliterated the distinction between a minor irritant and a vital interest. The United States, as a status quo power, has an interest in confining Soviet expansion into areas of crucial importance and of indulging its own insatiable dependence on Middle Eastern oil. It does not have a vital interest in which Marxist regime rules Afghanistan.

The days when the United States could profess a vital interest in anything that happened anywhere in the world are over. Great though our power may be, it is limited, and its real base is not military hardware but the vitality of the American economy. Restoring the draft, building the MX missile, patrolling the Indian Ocean, and funneling dollars to the dictator of Pakistan will not make the United States safer, richer, or stronger. But it will satisfy a rampant jingoism, and it may get Jimmy Carter safely past the November elections.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel's biography of Walter Lippmann will be published next year by Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press.

A Republican candidate from the 1950s.

The Last Convertible

by Joseph Kraft

His mother's father was a banker from St. Louis who moved to New York, where he became a racing mogul and an associate of Averell Harriman. His father married into the firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman, and served as a trustee of Yale and a senator from Connecticut. He himself went to the Greenwich Country Day School, Andover, and Yale, where he was tapped for Skull and Bones. He took to wife Barbara Pierce, a girl from Rye, New York, and Smith College, whose father was head of McCalls. They have five children and a dog. The dog, a cocker spaniel, is named J. Fred.

But George Bush insists that he isn't a stock character in a novel by practically anybody. "I'm different," he said in an interview the other day. "I'm not in the mold. I've always wanted to do things that were exciting and difficult." As one example, he cited his wartime service. Almost all of those in the Andover class of 1942 went on to college for a year or two after graduation. Bush enlisted in the Navy Air Corps and became a combat pilot at age 18. As another example, he mentioned his decision to go to China, as head of the US Liaison Mission, after stepping down as Republican national chairman in 1972. "I could have gone to

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London or Paris as ambassador," he recalled. "With the chariot and the tennis court and the big house. I chose Peking. It was the future." Bush also mentioned how, after graduation from Yale in 1948, he moved to Odessa, in West Texas, and got a job in Dresser Industries, which led to the founding of an oil drilling company, Zapata Petroleum, where Bush made a fortune. "Sure," Bush said, "I had help." A family friend brought him to Dresser. Family money went into Zapata Petroleum. "But basically," Bush says, "I was on my own."

On his own or not, Bush's move to Texas marked a decisive break. The likes of Cyrus Vance, McGeorge Bundy, and John Lindsay left New Haven for passages up and down the trails of BosNYWash. They thrived in the 1950s at great private and public institutions. But in the 1960s they ran athwart the gunslingers of the counterculture. In the 1970s they tried to make peace with their tormentors by espousing causes like affirmative action, neighborhood schools, arms control, Palestinian rights, and the snail darter. The result was a kind of class suicide: the wipe-out of the Eastern Establishment.

As much as anyone from his background, Bush felt the pricks of the conscience of the rich, the need to justify privilege. But in Texas the black hats were worn by Democratic wheeler-dealers aligned behind Lyndon Johnson and John Connally. Bush was one of the little band that brought Republicanism to West Texas. Between 1966 and 1970, he served as the first Republican US representative from Houston. In the Nixon administration—as United Nations ambassador and Republican national chairman as well as envoy to Peking—and in the Ford administration as head of the CIA, Bush continued to battle for what he regarded as the right and the true. So he entered the 1980 presidential race as an almost unique figure. Far from being a common type, he is the remnant of a dwindling band. Virtually alone in the old governing class, he has survived the upheavals of the last two decades. He is a character out of the 1950s: the last convertible.

Toward the presidency, Bush shows none of the self-doubt the recent agonies of the office have instilled in so many others. "All you have to do is walk down the street with George," Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill says, "and you know he thinks he can be president." When asked why he seeks the office, Bush offers, as though it were newly minted, a tag as old as Henry Stimson, and rubbed thin by excessive use and abuse. "Service," Bush says. "My father inculcated in me the ideal of public service. It's a family tradition." When asked what kind of a president he thinks he would make, the answer he gives is "crackerjack."

Autobiography forms the core of Bush's basic campaign speech. Though polished by a thousand reiterations, it contains little touches that speak volumes of sincerity. "I was shot down at 20," Bush says of his experience as a combat pilot in the Pacific. "I guess that's not much of a recommendation," he jokes. Then, after pausing for laughs, he adds: "But maybe it's not so bad. It's something to be out there all alone, when you know the country is behind you, united in a great cause." He mentions his career in business: "I happen to be the only Republican candidate who ever had to meet a payroll," he says. At the beginning of his campaign he used to gloss over his service at the CIA. Since the turn in national mood that followed the taking of the hostages in Iran, he lays it on thick. "I happen to believe we should build up the CIA," he says. "And the FBI," he throws in for good measure.

Bush's view of the world comes very close to being Dwight Eisenhower's view of the world. "The organizing principle of international affairs today," says his basic foreign policy paper, "is fundamental competition between East and West, between Communist centrally-planned economies and democratic market economies." To resist "growing Soviet strength," he favors the creation of "a new global alliance [that] would unite the seafaring nations of the world who share our values and interests." Among those he includes all the old gang from the 1950s: the NATO allies; Israel and "the moderate Arab states"; Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia, and Australia.

As to forces that have emerged in the world since the 1950s, he would "clearly define US strategic interests in the . . . Persian Gulf." He accepts the role of China, but rather cooly for an ex-envoy to Peking; he recognizes "clearly and objectively the strategic value of improving relations with the PRC as an added dimension to our primary relationships with the maritime and island nations." Not for Bush are any of the frills about the third world and the progressive countries. He wants to "isolate disruptive nations—Vietnam and North Korea, for example." He favors closer economic relationships with Latin America and a stance that would "stop the abuse of human rights by terrorists" and deal with a Cuba that "has progressed from the simple support to the export of revolution." In Africa he feels the US ought "not to take sides in racial conflicts."

Perhaps the only break with convention is opposition to the SALT II treaty. Bush bases his stand on both the substance of the treaty, which he feels is bad, and doubts about verification, where, as a former CIA director, he claims to have some expertise. A more likely explanation is that the position on arms control reflects a concession to the right wing of the Republican party. It is notable that Bush favors an early start on achieving "real disarmament" in SALT III.

In domestic affairs, Bush is as Republican as they

Staff Addition

With this issue, Russ Hoyle joins *The New Republic* as managing editor. From 1977 to 1979, Russ was managing editor of the *Real Paper*, a weekly alternative newspaper in Boston.

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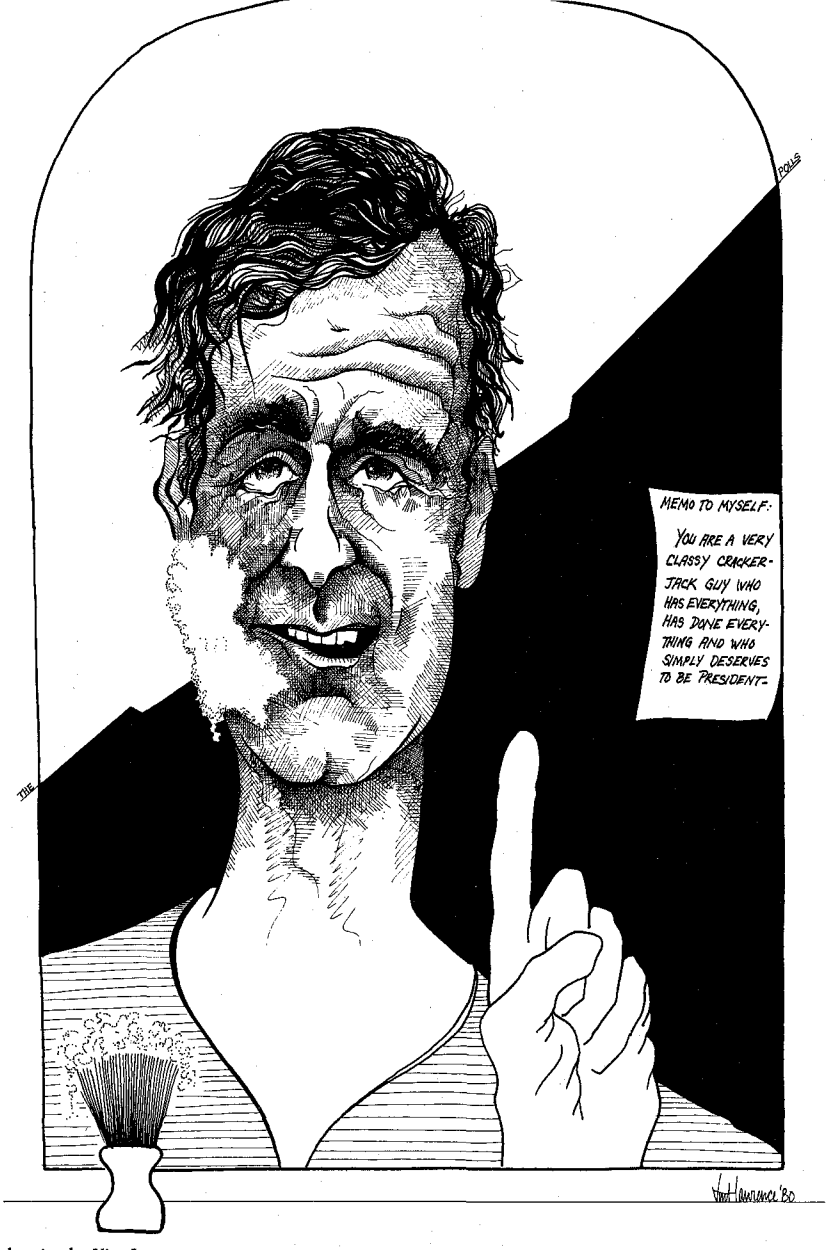
come on the bread-and-butter issues. He wants to balance the budget, lower taxes, and stimulate private enterprise and investment. Immediate decontrol lies at the heart of his energy policy. At the edges are a windfall profits tax, larger incentives for oil and gas exploration, and a lowering of environmental and other obstacles to more rapid development of coal, natural gas, and nuclear power.

On the newer social issues, Bush is far from where it's at. The symphony of outrage sounded by Ronald Reagan on welfare fraud finds no echo in the music of George Bush. With respect to treatment of illegal immigrants, Bush favors a return to the "bracero" programs for organized use of Mexican laborers in American fields and factories. At an appearance in Philadelphia, Bush was asked a question about drugs and was, according to Alex Cockburn and James Ridgeway, "nonplussed." During the Iowa debate, he could not remember—and asked to be reminded about—the last part of a question about gay rights and pornography.

Probably no other candidate would have allowed himself to admit, in a nationally televised debate, that he had forgotten part of a question. But Bush is nothing if not game. He has campaigned relentlessly since mid-1978. It is not in him to leave a question unanswered. To the slickness of the past two decades, and some of its corrosive skepticism, Bush is something of a stranger. He does not seem to understand why people laughed when he proclaimed, in announcing his candidacy, that his motto would be "the new candor." In fact, Bush lets practically everything hang out. He tells all comers that he has modeled his campaign on the one Jimmy Carter ran in 1976—first trying to make a name for himself in the Iowa caucuses and then trying to set things moving in the New Hampshire primary. He let the world know that he learned the secret in a book—*Marathon*, the fine account of the 1976 campaign by Jules Witcover. Before Iowa, Bush told reporters that he "did not want to build up expectations." Afterward he talked about having the "Big Mo": momentum to go all the way. By thus fingering himself as the front-runner, he invited Howard Baker and John Connally to concentrate their fire on him, and invited Ronald Reagan to dig in with the kind of bitter-end strategy that hurt Jerry Ford. Talk about the Big Mo, in other words, could well mean the Big No for George Bush.

But openness is one of the virtues that carries more than its own reward. In Bush's case, it lies close to the heart of his appeal and his history. The central fact about George Bush is that he is a highly attractive person, easy, gregarious, winning in his ways, and practically impossible to hate. Primarily for personal reasons, the most respected Republican liberal in the Congress, Barber Conable of New York, supports Bush rather than his longtime colleague in the House and fellow liberal, John Anderson. Bush's campaign organization has known none of the jealousies and suspicions and chops and changes that already have marred the efforts of Reagan and Connally and Howard Baker. Bush's top man, James Baker III, who managed Ford's campaign in 1976, is a Houston lawyer who has been close to the candidate for more than 20 years. "I never have to look over my shoulder," Baker says.

When Bush was in Peking, he and his family made friends galore by, among other things, bicycling around town. Though relations between the US and China went nowhere during that period, Bush since then has enjoyed numerous marks of personal favor (including that rare accolade, a trip to Tibet). "He's got 18,000 votes here," one CIA official says. "Not because of


MEMO TO MYSELF:
YOU ARE A VERY CLASSY CRACKER-JACK GUY WHO HAS EVERYTHING, HAS DONE EVERYTHING AND WHO SIMPLY DESERVES TO BE PRESIDENT.

drawing by Vint Lawrence

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Upstairs, Upstairs

We hear a lot these days about middle-aged men, at the top of their professions and drawing the highest emoluments, who throw up everything to start a new life. Is this the motive—the depth of the aspiration—that has set the Honorable George Bush on the trail of the presidency? He has long since made his millions. He has already moved to the Sun Belt. He has been here and there, trying his hand at this and that. He has done little with his years, except to make money, and little now opens before him. There must be something to save him from a middle life of added futility and inanition. And indeed there is in this country, which makes such benign arrangements for at least its well-to-do unfortunates. There is the presidency. He will strike for that.

His resume is long and he is running on it, but it really tells us little except that he is accustomed to idleness, and never seems to hold any job for very long. It is very like the resume of any junior executive who is hoping to get transferred to the head office in Atlanta. The more he records every step of his career, the less sign there is of any progression. The fact that he can carry a caucus and perhaps even win a primary also tells us little, since this has now become a rather common achievement for anyone at loose ends for four years. His speeches are not meant to inform, and in that they are successful. Yet at least a smattering of the populace seems to be judging him favorably, and Republicans of one's acquaintance, with no more knowledge than the rest of us, say that he has something. If they can judge, we may as well.

Judgment is not difficult, for the Honorable George Bush is a type. He makes two persistently misleading appeals to the unwary. People think that because he doesn't need the job, his motive must be disinterested; and they think that because he is rich he doesn't have to cheat. The American people are always looking for the man who has made a fortune without blotting his copybook, and a gentleman from Connecticut who became rich in Texas without being hauled before the courts fills the bill. He is so much of a type that those who support him might be voting for a brass rubbing.

There are certain senators who always are described as distinguished. They are not the senators of power and achievement. No one would describe William Borah or Lyndon Johnson as "distinguished." But this is the adjective that is always applied to the late senator Prescott Bush, the gentleman from Connecticut who was the father of the Honorable George Bush. One can open almost any volume of memoirs by a Senate colleague, such as those of Norris Cotton, who was the distinguished senator from New Hampshire, and there one will find the sticky and fragrant words that embalm: "Senator Bush will ever remain in my memory as the very prototype of a senator—distinguished, honorable, able. He was a kindly man." There are certain kindly intended obituary tributes that real politicians would prefer not to be paid. That is one of them.

"But Senator Bush had an ingrained contempt for cant and hypocrisy, and he was capable of piercing sarcasm." Examples of piercing sarcasm are irresistible, so one reads on with a lick of anticipation.

> I recall with intense amusement a conversation which I could not help but overhear when we were both meeting with constituents in the Reception Room of the Senate. One of the ladies talking to him said gushingly, 'Is it true, Senator Bush, that the Senate is the most exclusive club in the world?' 'Well, that could possibly be said,' replied the senator gravely. 'We all call each other by our first names. We treat each other with scrupulous courtesy. We and our wives occasionally get together socially. But,' he added fiercely, 'if one of our members stubs his toe, we EAT him.' Senator Bush, always the gentleman, immediately smiled, and put the lady at her ease.

My! how they play it rough in the Senate. Dwight D. Eisenhower records with satisfaction in his memoirs that, in 83 test votes on

anything he did in an operational way, but because he stood up for the agency in the Congress and with the press." At the UN, where Nixon was a figure of hate and contempt, Bush was almost universally liked. The closest thing he had to a strained relation occurred when the US vetoed a resolution condemning Israel for reprisals taken after the massacre of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics in Munich. "We couldn't accept that resolution because it only condemned the Israeli reprisals," Bush recalls. "It didn't say anything about the massacre. Some of the Arab ambassadors had been my friends. When I cast the veto, one said he'd never shake my hand again. I told him I wasn't going to leave the room until we shook hands. We argued and there were some harsh words. But we shook hands. Now we're friends again."

The other side of Bush's ability to make friends represents his great potential weakness. Even those who like and admire him, and acknowledge that he consistently has done well in government, wonder whether he has the steeliness—the weight—to be an effective president. In that connection I mentioned to Bush several incidents in his career. One involved the last-ditch battle he fought to keep China out of the United Nations. Bush came within a vote or two of winning in the General Assembly. But when he finally lost, thanks to the unexplained absence of the delegate he calls No Man From Oman, it transpired that even as he was battling his heart out against Communist China, Henry Kissinger was in Peking knitting up relations with the People's Republic. I asked Bush if he didn't nurse some resentment or, at least, feel slightly foolish. "No," he siad. "It's the prerogative of the president to manage foreign policy. Sometimes he has to keep his deeper purposes secret from those working for him. I was working for Nixon then. I did

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"Eisenhower issues" in 1953, "Salstonstall, Ives, Flanders, Payne, Bush, and Duff supported us 90 per cent or more of the time." That is exactly what one would expect a distinguished senator to do, and there is nothing in the son now to suggest that he has not inherited (no doubt along with the capacity for piercing sarcasm), the father's inclination to go along and rub along and get along. Everything that one sees or hears of the Honorable George Bush suggests that he does not much like difficulty, and especially not those who cause it, and that America would have in him another president who tries to make problems go away by accommodating himself to every interest that presses on him.

Whenever he has made one of his appearances on television, I have expected a voice to announce at the end, "This program was made possible by a grant from Mobil Oil." If John Connally has the support of the lusty, no-holds-barred men of business who will say aloud whom they are willing to see hang for their profits, the Honorable George Bush is surely the ideal candidate for the corporations that wish to appear respectable; Bush is himself a model for the homilies of Mobil and the fables that Gulf tells on television. One listens to Connally and thinks at once, and with no forethought, of cheating and plunder. One listens to Bush and does not even think of profits, let alone of loopholes. Of course, he made his fortune in oil in Texas when the industry was less subject to scrutiny than now; but the type of man he is, the gentleman from Connecticut, exempts him from the charges that are automatically made against others who have made their pile in Texas. If he were Lyndon Johnson, the insinuations would fly. But instead the abject journalists on "Washington Week in Review" and "Agronsky & Company" will toady to him as above all such mean suspicion.

He may well have gone to Texas and made his fortune in oil as inoffensively as the law then required, but what is interesting is that he is the kind of politician whose good name is never even called into question. Even if Mobil Oil does not actually sponsor him in Masterpiece Theatre this year, he is the natural candidate for the Alistair Cooke Award for irreproachable good conduct. He is so definitely upstairs and not downstairs. He would be welcomed by Common Cause to the masthead of its letters, something that would kill most other candidates, but not the Honorable George Bush.

Bush is presenting himself to the populace as the efficient manager, unabashed by the damage that such a self-estimate did to Jimmy Carter. But the White House is not the place for the efficient manager. He should be somewhere else in the executive branch, and not at a particularly high level. He should be somewhere a little lower than the posts that the gentleman from Connecticut already has occupied with such indistinction. These posts bring his resume to its crescendo. But who remembers that he was head of the CIA, or what he did there; or that he was ambassador to the United Nations, or what he did there? And who remembers what he and not his organization did in Iowa, or what he said there? Never having been in public service, like Wendell Willkie, may make a man only a buffoon as a presidential candidate. But to have been in public service, at reasonably high levels, and left no mark at all is an alarm signal.

Perhaps the man may win the nomination; such is the desperation of the Republicans as the election draws nearer in spite of four years of preparation. But surely it is inconceivable that he can win the election. Since it has taken three years to begin the education of Jimmy Carter, the America people are not likely to make the presidency a kindergarten again. If the Republicans are thinking of hoisting the Honorable George Bush into the saddle, they might as well do it right and call back the Honorable Elliot Richardson. In both cases it is reputation that has paved the way of such advancement as they have enjoyed: and it is reputation again, with no hint of character to support it, on which Bush is riding. But that is one advantage of being a gentleman from Connecticut.

Henry Fairlie

my best. He wanted to go another way. I understand that."

A second incident involved Bush's assignment to head the Central Intelligence Agency in November 1975. The move came in conjunction with a series of transfers known as the Thanksgiving Massacre. Don Rumsfeld went from the White House to the Pentagon as secretary of defense, replacing James Schlesinger. Henry Kissinger lost the job as White House national security adviser that he had continued to hold after his appointment as secretary of state. Eventually Nelson Rockefeller was obliged to give up his claim to run with Gerald Ford in the 1976 election. Many people, including Rockefeller and Kissinger and some of those closest to Bush, believe Rumsfeld was the architect of the whole maneuver. They think he was shooting all possible contenders for the future control of the Republican party into sidepockets. Bush told me that of course he had heard the theory. A close friend in the Cabinet had insisted that he ask Ford directly about the matter. "I looked straight into Ford's eyes and asked him," Bush says. "He assured me there was nothing to it. I have to go with that."

The third example emerges from Bush's service as chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1973 and 1974. He held the post all through the slow unfolding of the Watergate scandal, which led to the Republican disaster in the November 1974 congressional elections. I saw Bush occasionally during that period and found him remarkably ill-informed on the details of Watergate. At no time did Bush publicly criticize Nixon or call for his resignation. The other day I asked him if he didn't feel he'd been a patsy—that Nixon and others in the know had used his good name as a cover for dirty activities. "No," he said. "I tried to separate the party from the president. I said that what

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happened to the president was Nixon's business. My job was to hold the Republican party together, and I think I succeeded."

In the end, questions about Bush's weight, like questions about the validity of the 1950s values he reflects, come down to larger judgments as to what historic circumstances now require. Bush at least has relevant points of reference. He experienced the full weight of American power and is alert to the meaning of this country's commitments. He has been close to the source of economic growth. Moreover he doesn't pretend to be what he isn't. "I believe," he said to me, "you can win without leaving the field full of corpses. I don't think you have to blow people out of the water to be a leader. I favor persuasion. I can play a hand even when I don't hold all the cards."

George is no burning Bush.

Character? Indeed.

One small compensating benefit of our absurdly drawn-out presidential campaigns is that along with the hokum, the hyperbole, and the repetition, there are occasional moments of perfect clarity. For George Bush, one such moment came in January, during an evening campaign rally at the city auditorium in Concord, New Hampshire.

Bush's standard stump speech was particularly shrill that evening. His normally high-pitched voice shrieked into the microphone. The moment came when a victim of cerebral palsy, his entire body quivering in anguish as he fought to enunciate each word, asked Bush a complicated but well-constructed question about aid to the handicapped. It was a situation that cried out for Hubert Humphrey. One longed for a flood of soothing rhetoric, complimenting the young man on his courage in asking the question, to ease the discomfort of the able-bodied in the audience as they were reminded of what life was like for the handicapped.

But George Bush's entire emotional range, which extends from puppy-dog-like enthusiasm to the habitual politeness of the upper classes, does not include a gram of empathy. Staring straight ahead, without even an instant's acknowledgment that there was anything out of the ordinary about the questioner, Bush launched into a standard Republican critique of programs to help the handicapped, emphasizing, with political correctness but emotional insensitivity, the cost of modifying public transit to carry handicapped persons.

The morning of the Concord speech, Bush was giving his standard pitch to 150 white-collar workers enjoying an unscheduled nine o'clock coffee break in the lunch room of the United Life Insurance company in Concord. Bush hit all the usual themes in his opening statement: how he was excited by the "forward momentum" of his campaign; how he was the "only candidate who built a business from scratch and met a payroll"; how his father, former Connecticut senator Prescott Bush, "inculcated" in him a love for public service; and how vindicated he feels by a Harris poll, which he mentions in every speech, that shows 72 percent of the American people now favor strengthening the CIA, an organization Bush once headed for his standard one-year stint. As Bush neared his conclusion, he ad libbed a little in an effort to explain why he wanted to be president, a job which, after all, requires a four-year time commitment. "I can be honest with you," Bush said with genuine candor. *"I can do anything I want to do. I've made it."*

But what about Bush's long and varied experience that gives rise to the campaign slogan, "George Bush: A President we won't have to train"? Bush himself is fond of telling campaign audiences, without irony, "I have credentials and a resume that none of the others have." The mind numbs at the journalistic necessity of regurgitating Bush's lengthy resume, but here it is: Andover, World War II navy pilot, Yale, helped found a successful oil-drilling concern, two terms in the House of Representatives, two failed tries at a Senate seat from Texas, two years as ambassador to the United Nations, 18 months as Republican national chairman, one year as US envoy to China, and one year as CIA director.

Bush drops these nuggets one by one throughout his stump speech (neglecting only his twice-failed ambition to be a senator), rather than reciting them in sing-song fashion at the beginning of every speech. Perhaps someone in Bush's stable of advisers remembered that Arthur Goldberg began every speech by rattling off his resume during his hapless 1970 campaign for governor of New York. As the story goes, Goldberg had just finished recounting his odyssey from secretary of labor to Supreme Court justice to UN ambassador to New York lawyer when a heckler stood up and shouted, "What's the matter, Arthur, can't hold a job?"

In none of his speeches, nor in the answers to any questions, does Bush point with pride to any tangible thing he ever did in his entire life after that wonderful moment in the early 1950s when he built an oil drilling business from scratch. Bush has said that he went to Texas because "I had the old-fashioned desire to strike out on my own." But it is hard for anyone as thoroughly connected as George Herbert Walker Bush to do anything on his own. He began in Odessa, Texas, by working as a salesman for an oil-drilling concern that happened to be headed by a friend of his father's. Two years later, Bush came up with the capital for his share in Zapata Petroleum by getting his grubstake from his uncle and his parents.

The wonderful thing about the high-ranking foreign policy jobs on Bush's resume is that the enveloping cloak of national security prevents outsiders from assessing exactly what he did in China and at the CIA. *Newsweek* in its recent cover story on Bush tells us that he "became a popular figure in the

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diplomatic community in Peking," but reveals nothing about the quality of information that Bush was cabling back to the State Department.

Bush's tenure as Republican chairman during Watergate was a more public post. Bush's campaign leaflets boast that he is "credited with holding the party together through independence and dedication to principle." In May 1974, less than three months before Nixon resigned, Bush appeared on ABC's "Issues and Answers." Inarticulate, talking largely in sentence fragments, Bush refrained from criticizing Nixon and kept repeating, "Let the facts, you know, determine it, let the evidence work, let the system work and cool it. That is what I am suggesting." Asked about the suggestion of Republican John Anderson, now his least threatening rival for the Republican presidential nomination, that Nixon should spare the country further agony and resign, Bush replied, "I say he is entitled to his opinion, and I say it is remarkable that so few Republicans—the party is pretty united on this." Bush recently claimed that he had said Nixon ought to resign "right near the time when he did." But when pressed for documentation by the *Washington Post*, Bush responded lamely that this belated advice was in a personal letter to the president.

About 10 days before the Iowa caucuses, I was with Bush during a five-hour flight from Nashua, New Hampshire, to Des Moines. His entourage was then limited to two aides, an NBC camera crew, and me. Now that Bush is a media star, the intimacy of that occasion is worth treasuring in memory. I tried to make conversation by asking Bush what surprised him the most, as an outsider, coming into the CIA. "What surprised me about the CIA, I guess, was the dedication of the people working there," Bush said. "We had, at least, I can't give you the exact figures because of national security, 1200 PhDs working there. . . ." It became clear Bush is no longer interested in the CIA. That part of his resume is past. He said, for example, that he hasn't read any of the books on the subject that have come out since he left his CIA post.

The conversation devolved into a prep school bull session. For the second time in two days, I heard the story about how his family cat threw up 14 rubber bands. And, like many men of his generation when they are forced to feign intimacy in social situations, Bush told war stories, borrowing my reporter's notebook to serve as a representation of the flight deck of a carrier. Most of the stories were macabre, like the time a pilot forgot to turn on the safety catch on his gun as he was making a landing and mowed down three members of the ship's crew.

I find it hard to square these impressions of George Bush with the largely uncritical celebration of his character, his experience, and his dedication that have filled the press and the airwaves since the Iowa caucuses. From my observations of George Bush, there seemed to be little beneath the enthusiasm, the veneer of politeness, and the resume of a man who is far more interested in getting the next job than in doing anything once he's there.

Walter Shapiro

Walter Shapiro is a contributing editor of the *Washington Post Magazine*.

Three men want to be father of their country.

Zimbabwe's First Election

by James North

There is a new popular song on the Zimbabwe jukebox circuit. It's called "The Crow Lives by Hooks and Crooks." Some of its lyrics, translated from the Shona language, are: "The farmer plants, the maize grows. Then the crow comes by night to steal the grain. How do you feel now, after your hard work? The crow is feeding while you are sleeping." The southern African crow is black, but with a ring of white around its neck. The song is therefore a cutting satire on Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who wears a clerical collar. And the "farmers" whom it cautions to protect their grains are the Zimbabwean people, especially the guerrillas of the Patriotic Front.

As the late February elections draw closer, Zimbabwe—and the rest of southern Africa—is on the threshold of momentous change. The diminutive bishop, who as recently as last April enjoyed undeniable popularity, is increasingly the object of distrust and contempt. Meanwhile, the Patriotic Front is riding the crest of an enormous burst of popular enthusiasm. Ian Smith and his Rhodesia Front, once the central figures in black demonology, are now dismissed as pretty much irrelevant to the political future.

Under the constitution drawn up at the Lancaster House Conference in Britain, 20 seats out of 100 in the first Zimbabwean parliament are to be elected by white voters only. The election system, by constituencies instead of proportional representation, will insure that all 20 go to Smith's Rhodesian Front and none will reflect the views of the 20 to 30 percent of the Rhodesian whites who steadfastly remained more moderate than Smith throughout the dark years of UDI (the Unilateral Declaration of Independence, 1965).

James North is a pseudonym for an American living in southern Africa.

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The 20 white MPs are forbidden to participate in a ruling coalition, so 51 of the remaining 80 seats are needed in order to form a majority government. Even so, it looks as if the Popular Front—whose two wings will campaign separately but probably will form a coalition after the election—will get the needed votes. And some reasonable people even think that ZANU, the more radical wing, will win a majority on its own.

Black Zimbabwe is dizzy with pre-election euphoria. In Salisbury, tens of thousands take to the streets at the slightest pretext in noisy pro-Popular Front demonstrations. An estimated 180,000 people greeted Joshua Nkomo when he arrived back in the country; a similar number showed up for Robert Mugabe's return. Attendance at Muzorewa's rallies indicates his support is dwindling in both degree and intensity.

The increasing enthusiasm for the Popular Front shows that what was once a race war is now becoming more of a class conflict. Muzorewa used to be highly regarded, especially in the cities. But after he won last April's "internal settlement" elections, he failed—in a favorite Zimbabwe expression—to "deliver the goods." He didn't move to narrow the ten-to-one white-black wage gap, and he didn't act on land reform. He promoted a handful of blacks to high positions (including his own unqualified relatives and associates), and removed the bans on black home ownership in Salisbury's garden suburbs. Urban workers earning $80 a month were not amused to see the bishop's men moving into $30,000 homes. In truth, Muzorewa had little time to do much more. But he has been undermined by his own outlandish campaign promises, and by the feeling that even with more time, he and his circle are too distracted by Mercedes-Benzes and company directorships to begin the massive job of rebuilding the country.

In the rural areas, where 75 percent of the black people live, class-based support for the Popular Front is particularly strong. About 3.6 million rural people are crowded into areas called Tribal Trust Lands, which were patterned after South Africa's Bantustans and which comprise only one-half of the country's land area. The government itself has said the area of the TTLs is suitable for only one million people. In the other, generally more fertile half of the country, a mere 7000 white farmers, many owning huge tobacco, citrus, and maize plantations, live in an Anglicized *latifundista* grandeur.

In the years just after UDI, guerrilla bands infiltrated the country and immediately sought military confrontation, under the (then) not unreasonable assumption that Britain might intervene if large-scale fighting broke out. But Smith's troops easily destroyed these early guerrillas. Then, in 1972, the strategy changed: the guerrilla forces infiltrated the Tribal Trust Lands, kept out of sight, and prepared for military confrontation with political work. "The boys," as they are known, called meetings outside villages and preached land reform. They frightened off government tax collectors and attacked white plantations, particularly those with brutal owners who paid low wages. (White farmers who tolerated or even cooperated with the guerrillas sometimes were left alone.) By the time government troops arrived in force, the guerrillas had won over large segments of the rural population, who would go to great lengths to protect them.

Muzorewa sympathizers acknowledge the Popular Front has strong rural support, but insist that much of it is caused by intimidation. In fact, rural people fear the government forces, especially the bishop's private army *Phumo revanhu* ("Spear of the Nation"), an undisciplined collection of thugs, as the greater menace. Muzorewa's campaign also summons up the specter of a tribally based civil war between the two PF wings. Further violence is indeed a strong possibility after the election, but at this stage it is most likely to begin with the bishop's private army, sections of the government forces, irregular groups of bandits, or South Africa. The differences between ZANU and ZAPU are in part "tribal" ("ethnic" or even "regional" are more accurate terms), but they also stem from serious political disagreements, many of them concerning Joshua Nkomo, the ZAPU leader.

"Josh"—as everyone calls him—has earned a reputation as a kind of Zimbabwean Hubert Humphrey. His service to the nationalist cause, which began in the late 1940s, is respected, but he is deemed to have made too many compromises over the years. In the 1950s, he headed the African National Congress, a unified anti-colonial movement with nationwide appeal. In 1963, younger, more militant nationalists, who were moving toward socialism and who were disturbed at Nkomo's temporizing, left his organization and formed ZANU. But the patriarch, who really belongs to the generation of Kenyatta and Nkrumah, has shown remarkable staying power: ZAPU has survived, and his position at its head is firm. The organization is strongest in Nkomo's home area in the west, but it still has support from old-time loyalists elsewhere.

Unlike Nkomo, Robert Mugabe, the head of ZANU, is a shadowy figure inside the country. He was a secondary member of the ZANU executive when it was formed, and the leaders of both movements were silenced by 10 years of detention shortly afterward. Only in the middle 1970s did Mugabe emerge as a leader, and he soon left for Mozambique to preside over the guerrilla war. He is an unswerving, ascetic intellectual, said to be absolutely uninterested in personal power. He runs ZANU by consensus, as opposed to Nkomo's often regal stewardship of ZAPU. Mugabe has been unable to prevent serious factional fighting within ZANU, at times along ethnic lines, in which members have been detained and killed. Nationalist sympathizers, probably including some ZANU members, were undoubtedly relieved in late

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December when Josiah Tongogara, ZANU's military leader and a potential Stalin to Mugabe's Lenin, was killed in an auto crash (some say he was assassinated) in Mozambique. Despite ZANU's instability, it is still the more radical and determined movement. Some of its leaders favor an electoral unity campaign with Nkomo, who has been begging for a coalition, but rank-and-file pressure has helped prevent the alliance.

The two wings will contest the election separately, but will speak from common platforms and will try to avoid intense attacks against each other. If they win, they will form a coalition, allocating Cabinet seats on the basis of the results. The two electoral programs, which are similar, are "radical" but non-socialist: a PF government's first steps will be to acquire unused or under-used white farmland with compensation, which America, Britain, and the EEC have agreed to pay; and to nationalize some of the mines and perhaps some subsidiaries of multinational concerns. No wholesale socialization is projected right away.

The Patriotic Front constantly tells the 220,000 whites who have remained not to panic. White emigration has paused for the moment, but it is likely to speed up again if the Popular Front wins—not because of explicitly racial reprisals, but because many whites will find it materially and psychologically impossible to live through radical transformation. They did not come to Africa—and up to 40 percent of the current white residents arrived *after* UDI—to participate in a social revolution. Muzorewa and Smith are telling their constituencies that the country will collapse if there is a white exodus. But Dr. Ahrn Palley, a white politician who long opposed Smith, scoffs at the alarms. "Perhaps 20 percent of the whites are really necessary to the country," he said recently, "some of the efficient farmers and those with special skills—medical people, engineers, and so on. Whites must also not be unacceptable to Africans—their level of racism must be low enough so that they can work with Africans. Or else, despite their skills, they are not needed here."

Muzorewa and the whites also exaggerate potential Soviet influence in a Popular Front Zimbabwe. Oddly enough, the Soviet Union supported ZAPU, the less radical of the two wings, perhaps because ZANU received Chinese aid for a long time. Mugabe is not beholden to the Soviets, and Nkomo's success is based primarily on his support within the country. Another Ethiopia, where the Soviets prop up the odious Mengistu regime which came to power in a palace coup, is unlikely. The Popular Front also remains fairly friendly toward the United States. The Carter policy of maintaining economic sanctions until the Smith-Muzorewa alliance and the Popular Front came to terms is about to have a big payoff in PF goodwill.

The real foreign influence on Zimbabwe will come from the five front-line states, especially Zambia and Mozambique, that hosted the guerrillas. The two have suffered enormously from heavy Rhodesian raids: landlocked Zambia has lost almost all its ties to the outside world. The Patriotic Front (especially ZANU) wanted to continue fighting to a clear-cut military victory, but the neighboring states pressured the PF into accepting the London agreement. Their attitude will help determine whether large-scale fighting resumes.

Even those Zimbabwean voters not won over by the PF's land reform policy or persuaded by its reasonable claim that it brought real change to the country are likely to be swayed by one final, simple argument: the PF alone can stop the war. Muzorewa promised when he joined Smith's internal settlement last year that he could get the guerrillas to stop fighting. In fact, the war escalated after he took office. In late December, after the London agreement, the PF leaders ordered their people to comply with the cease-fire: more than 20,000 guerrillas promptly reported to the assembly points, and the rate of conflict plummeted. If the PF loses the election, at least some of its contingents will dig up their arms. The war has devastated the countryside and created half a million refugees. Few Zimbabweans look forward happily to its resuming. The Patriotic Front thus has at its disposal an unstated kind of blackmail.

All bets are off if South Africa intervenes. Prime Minister P. W. Botha has been muttering darkly about stepping in if "chaos" occurs to the north. Up to 1000 of Pretoria's troops are in Zimbabwe, purportedly to guard the Beit Bridge rail link with South Africa, and they have been taking their time about leaving before the election. In desperation over the Patriotic Front upsurge, Muzorewa has been moving closer to South Africa, which is pouring millions into his campaign. The bishop may also ask for extra-parliamentary help.

Pretoria has not forgotten its 1975 debacle in Angola, and it would go into Zimbabwe with even less hope of Western backing. Botha needs to concentrate on the much-heralded adjustments at home with which he intends to ward off his own guerrilla war. And he is already mired in a low-level but growing conflict in Namibia. But Zimbabwe is much closer and more vital than the Portuguese colonies ever were. There are ties of blood among whites in the two countries. South African businesses took advantage of the sanctions against Rhodesia, which they never even pretended to observe, to increase their trade and investment north of the Limpopo. The prospect of a radical government in Salisbury, controlling an advanced industrial economy, is chilling. The *Financial Mail*, a Johannesburg-based, normally liberal weekly, commented recently: "The Marxist ring of iron that will encircle us, should Rhodesia follow Mozambique and Angola, will also be a ring of violence, bloodshed and anarchy. It must not be allowed to happen." If moderate opinion in South Africa sounds so hawkish, what are P. W. Botha and his military advisers thinking? The current—successful—cease-fire in Zimbabwe could still turn out to be merely the end of the first phase of a protracted southern African war.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Wearing of the Greene

A year ago I read 50 or 60 pages of Graham Greene's *The Human Factor*, then drifted out of the book. If the film does nothing else—and it doesn't—it makes clear why I slipped away from this novel by an author famous for his grip. Part of the reason was obvious before the film: Greene Past makes things tough for Greene Present. The best of his novels, such as *Brighton Rock* and *The Power and the Glory* and *The Heart of the Matter*, established a domain that English reviewers refer to as Greeneland. For a new book of his to be admitted, it has to do more than occupy space, it has to extend the territory. Not easy, even for Greene himself.

And the passage of time has hurt new Greene books, ambiently. He, along with lesser but good writers like Eric Ambler and John le Carré and (sometimes) Geoffrey Household, has been a significant if minor agent in the transformation of idealism in the last 40 years, has dealt stringently with whatever glib acceptance of ideals survived World War I. Not cynical or destructive, the intent was, by purging it of sham, to show how essential real belief is to the living of life, to just damned well getting through it. But this purgative treatment of acceptances is now somewhat dated: the prior condition is no longer much on hand to be revised.

Thus *The Human Factor* begins under the handicap of previous successes. More troubles follow. Here, as so often in the past, Greene's focus is on the private contract enclosed within a public contract. (For instance, in *The Power and the Glory*, the hero-priest made a public contract with his church when he was ordained, and subsequently he made private contracts with individuals, even with his own weaknesses, that he honored within the enclosure of his public agreement.) The private one often contradicts the public one, and the Greene protagonist's drama is to honor both contracts enough to keep his secret moral bookkeeping on the credit side.

This struggle, in Greene's work, is often set within a context of Catholicism. The hero's agon entails his belief in sin and redemption, his belief that his struggle, no matter how private, is witnessed; that Grace is not readily available to betrayers but that, beyond human comprehension, faith can be seen to have been kept in complex ways.

The Human Factor has no Catholicism. This doesn't mean arbitrarily that it's a Greene failure: *The Third Man* has none either—though, in the novella, we learn at the last moment that Harry Lime was Catholic—and it thrives. But *The Third Man* is about a naif among sophisticates, so it's a different kind of pilgrimage. *The Human Factor* is centered elsewhere, and the lack of religious tension contributes to its central weakness. That weakness comes through strongly in the film. There is no drama. The story has only the elements of drama, and they are joined too late, too feebly.

A British intelligence agent in London is passing secrets to the Soviets. The top brass try to spot the informer. In the course of the film we discover which of several agents it is and why he is doing it. He had incurred a huge personal obligation to a Communist and feels honor-bound to do something in return. (Honor-bound is the key word: the private contract within the official public one.) But not until near the end, when he must leave his family and flee the country, are we let into his drama. Through most of the film he is a civil servant working civilly along while the brass sniff out and snuff out the wrong man. Watching them follow the false trail—which we know must be a false trail because, if it weren't, what would be the function of the leading man?—is only secondary ironic entertainment. And not novel.

How different were so many previous Greene stories where we were meshed from the beginning in the anguish of the protagonist, a man struggling to keep his word to both the immediate and the infinite. In *The Human Factor* the protagonist just goes about his daily life, with flashbacks la.d in (we think) merely to explain his marriage to a black African. When the revelation comes, it doesn't compensate for the long, seeming placidity; and the finish merely leaves him punished. That's a low, literal conclusion for a Greene story, without any of the usual subtlety and transcendence. The film's theme is as flaccid as its drama.

So, through most of this film, Nicol Williamson isn't much more than a commuter commuting. (I can hardly be tipping the end of a story that's already been read by millions. Which raises the further question: why see the film of a thriller you have read? Some such films answer that question, but not this one.) Tom Stoppard's screenplay hasn't intensified or coalesced the dramatic elements. Perhaps if he had rearranged, the Greene fans might have complained. Perhaps there was no way of improving it. Perhaps it was only the author's reputation that got the book filmed in the first place. In any case this script forces Williamson to give his first dull screen performance.

Any film that's made in England can have a lot of good actors in lesser roles. The great John Gielgud says "Come in" at one point, and not much more. Derek Jacobi, known best here for the *I, Claudius* series on TV but in Britain a Hamlet, does well enough as the red

Films Worth Seeing

Angi Vera. Hungary, 1948. A young woman's ethical/political corruption, subtly dramatized.

Kramer vs. Kramer. The script is a romance of divorce (as against old Hollywood romance of marriage), but the acting is splendid all the way.

My Brilliant Career. Australia, 1897. A charming, spunky story filmed mostly by women, with a lovely performance by Judy Davis.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany. Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour collection of film poems. Special engagements. The two parts before intermission are monumental, the rest sporadically stirring.

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herring. Robert Morley, so overweight that even British Airways might complain, puffs audibly and congenially as he speaks. Ann Todd, the beauty of *The Seventh Veil* (1945), is still beautiful as Williamson's mother. On the other hand Richard Attenborough is once again miscast in a role that requires distinction; and a Somalian woman named Iman is only the black version of the usual model-as-actress fizzle.

Otto Preminger, who directed, is 73, and except for some of the joinings of the flashbacks, is in pretty good form, with some sharp compositions in even such commonplace settings as office anterooms. Preminger has often said that he doesn't like to work on novels that are easy to transpose to the screen. This time, however, it wasn't interesting difficulty, it was fundamental dimness that was the trouble; and Preminger hasn't licked it.

What's the secret of Ali McGraw's continuance? She can't speak a line honestly, she looks like a failed transvestite, and she moves like an extra in a Western. I can't believe that her record of failures has gone unnoticed. How does she keep on? Does she have something on somebody?

In *Just Tell Me What You Want* McGraw is the favorite mistress of an immensely rich tycoon; she herself produces TV and has film ambitions. The magnate, played by Alan King with rye-bread richness and wryly-bred guile, is so nuts about her that, despite her disdainful behavior, despite his interim flings with other tootsies, despite McGraw's flight to California and marriage, he must have her.

If you can believe that, you may possibly believe the script, which is by Jay Presson Allen from her own novel. But I don't think that even, say, Faye Dunaway in the part—it sounds and looks like a Dunaway role—would have made the film credible. In recent months I've noted that US films seem to be going through a new, third phase. First, broadly speaking, there was Hollywood make-believe; then, for about 10 years after the late 1960s, there was some attempt at verisimilitude; and lately we've been getting hybrids—old Hollywood fantasy with a varnish of *verismo*. Presson's script is another example: faked reality, old-fashioned hooey thinly disguised with frank language and factual detail.

Most of the time King behaves as this man would behave. McGraw, as written, does the same. Then comes a fight sequence in Bergdorf Goodman's and in the street outside the Plaza that is pure Paramount 1935. And there's more like it.

Believability isn't helped by the casting of Peter Weller as the young playwright who wins McGraw. (What a pair.) Myrna Loy, King's secretary, should be spared the indignity of further screen appearances, particularly in full-length shots. Keenan Wynn, as King's arch rival, and Tony Roberts, as Wynn's grandson, deserve each other. The one pleasant surprise is Dina Merrill as King's alcoholic wife, exact and right. Sidney Lumet, before I forget it—before *he* forgets it—directed.

Possibly there's a comedy in the idea of a man like Joseph Hirshhorn, powerful with the cosmos, in the grip of a woman. But *JTMWYW* isn't it. First, some poor casting. Second, this broken-backed script comes down to a display of Presson's snobbisms. She knows what goes on in lush offices and in fabulous Hollywood homes, and you don't, you mucker, so be grateful for the look-in.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Alan Dawson

After years of banging on kitchen tables, chair rungs, pie plates, and ashtrays, Alan Dawson got his first drum in 1943. He was 12 years old. Ten years later, he made his first record, accompanying Clifford Brown and Quincy Jones on "Brownskins" and "Keeping up with Jonesy." In 1965, *Downbeat*'s critics acknowledged his contribution to a series of Prestige recordings by naming Dawson and Dannie Richmond "new star" drummers. Dawson has recorded with Dexter Gordon, Jaki Byard, Booker Ervin, Al Cohn, Sonny Stitt, Roland Kirk, Sonny Criss, and Phil Woods. He toured with Lionel Hampton for less

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than a year ("It seemed like 20") and has traveled with Dave Brubeck off and on since 1968. Among musicians, Dawson is well known as a performer and a teacher: his first students were Tony Williams, later to achieve fame for his work with Miles Davis and notoriety for his attempts to form a successful rock group; and Clifford Jarvis, a powerful musician who has played with Barry Harris, Sun Ra, and Freddie Hubbard. Dawson is less well known to the public, partially because of his decision—"it came naturally"—to stay and work in Boston, where he accompanies almost every musician coming to the major clubs, from Teddy Wilson and Roy Eldridge to Jackie McClean and Jaki Byard; a tasteful drummer, he is suave enough for Teddy Wilson and fiery enough for McClean. He is solid in support, solos melodically, and he sparkles when trading fours. Dawson lives in Lexington, Massachusetts, though not quite in the shadow of the Minuteman. I talked to him in the basement of his spacious ranch house: one corner was filled with drums, practice pads, and metronome, its wall brightened by a group of posters from European jazz festivals he had worked, and by a certificate indicating that he had mastered the 26 rudiments of drumming. There wasn't a pie plate in sight.

A large but trim man with a sloping forehead, full lips, a small goatee, and wire-rimmed glasses, Dawson was born in Marietta, Pennsylvania, but he grew up in Boston several blocks from the home of the slightly older Roy Haynes.

> There are no other professional musicians in my family, but my father loves music and he plays piano and guitar and sings. He has a ball, and when I was first coming up we used to get together and just play. . . . When I was five or six, I started picking out little things on the piano. They weren't great things, but that was the first instrument that appealed to me. Soon I was hopelessly strung out on drums, beating on everything I could get my hands on. I was committed to it. I often say that most professional musicians didn't choose music. They were chosen for music before the age of what we call reason. I know I was.

Dawson admired his dapper and glamorous neighbor, Roy Haynes, but he idolized Jo Jones and Max Roach.

> The first band I worked with was led by Tasker Crosson and he kept telling me, 'Strictly swing, don't fool around, strictly swing, Count Basie.' Well, he didn't have to tell *me* to imitate Jo Jones. I loved him. . . . I had a high hat before I had a bass drum. So I was and am very cymbal-conscious: 'cymbal-minded.' I play the bass drum in four—a lot of younger guys don't—but I play it lightly. That's the basis of the sound, but I feel the real projection of it is up here with the cymbals and particularly when you play the high hat with a stick. The kind of breathing sound you get definitely comes from Jo Jones.
>
> Max Roach was influenced by Jones himself. Max was the first drummer I heard who made it obvious that he knew the tune as well as any of the horn players. He knew where everything fit. . . . One other thing really turned me on, and that was when I heard 'Ko-Ko' with Charlie Parker. Max took a solo and at no time did you hear a 4/4 boom on the bass drum. At no time did you hear the little things drummers do to signal the end of their solos. The bass drum was a voice rather than a timekeeper, and there was no obvious cue on the drums. Max played a certain number of measures and came out right on the button and Charlie 'Bird' was there. Bam. It just flipped me out.

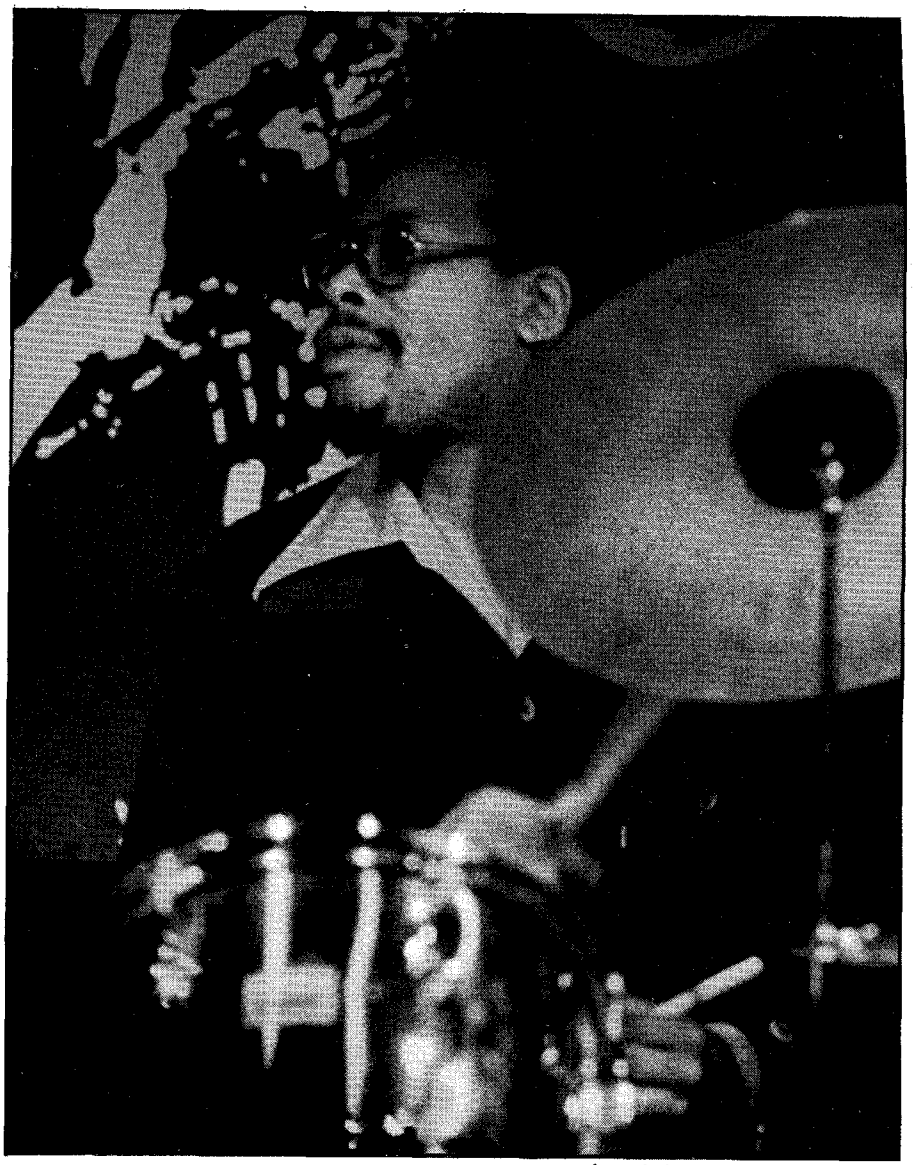

photo of Alan Dawson by Michael Ullman

Dawson's first professional gig was with the Tasker Crosson band on New Year's Eve 1943, and Dawson says that more than the young drummer Crosson wanted his high hat—the regular drummer showed up without one. Dawson was excited to be on stage with his elders, though he played only one tune, and rather disastrously.

> I had learned to play fast stuff. I could keep the high hat going, but Tasker called for 'Body and Soul.' Well, I had never practiced a ballad in my life. I failed miserably, but Tasker called me later to play with him two nights a week at the USO. I made $1.75 a night and I was on cloud nine.

When he was 18, Dawson took lessons with Charles Alden,

> *the* innovative teacher of the time. He taught me things others would not deal with, such as how to read the charts of a swing band. He introduced me to classical things, gave me scores, made me write out solos, and all without seeming to browbeat me. I started teaching in 1954.

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After I got out of the Army I was living with my folks on Cedar Street in Roxbury, and right around the corner was a fellow named Williams whom I'd known for a long time. Worked at the Post Office. He said to me one day, 'I want to show you something.' He took me around to his house and up to the attic and there was this little guy sitting behind what looked then like a big set of drums. It came up to his chin. He starts playing and does some fours and he has the tune happening and he's coming right out on four. No chops—he's falling all over himself, but I could tell he had it. I said, 'Gee, that's the youngest, most talented guy I've seen.' It was Tony Williams, you know.

By coincidence, a couple of months later another friend brought over his son. Malcolm Jarvis was a trumpet player and the father of Clifford Jarvis. Clifford had great chops, great physical ability, but at that time he would get messed up, turned around. He was the opposite of Tony, who had everything but the strength. Now they both have it all. They were my first two students.

From 1957 to 1975 Dawson taught at the Berklee School of Music, sometimes for eight hours a day. Harvey Mason, Keith Copeland, and Peter Donald were among his students. As a teacher, Dawson stresses "the development of all four limbs. I found a lot of drummers have all the technical know-how but they still play terribly. So I make my students learn music. They learn the form of the tunes and they can sing them. And I want them to be flexible." Traditionally drummers learn 26 rudiments; Dawson teaches over 70. He might take a rhythm and have a student play it 30 different ways, on different combinations of instruments and with different embellishments.

Dawson's own playing is strikingly varied. Technically skilled, he is curious and open-minded. He can play with almost anyone, but he doesn't plan ahead.

I don't really sit down to play with a preconceived notion of how you are supposed to play with this person. I try to immerse myself in the music and play according to how it feels to me right then and there. I've listened to a lot of music, and I respect different kinds of music. I don't say, 'This is a Dixieland thing, I'll have to play corny.' I've worked hard on the mechanics of my instrument so when I play technique's the furthest thing from my mind. At first I used to imitate Jo Jones and Max Roach. Well, the biggest trauma you can go through is when you get onto a bandstand and play and suddenly you don't know how Jo Jones or Max Roach would play this. That's part of the growing experience. Now I don't have to think about that—I can keep all my senses, faculties, tuned in on what is going on.

Dawson has tact as well as technique. One night I observed him accompany Teddy Wilson's delicate piano. Dawson played lightly behind Wilson, softly brushing his snare. During the intermission, Wilson asked him to play the sticks. Dawson was pleased by Wilson's implied compliment, and the music that followed was as vigorous and exciting as any I've heard from Wilson in recent years.

Other musicians regard Dawson highly. When Booker Ervin was given a contract with Prestige records, he insisted that Dawson be flown to the 1963 recording session. For some years thereafter—until air fares made the trip unprofitable—Dawson was almost the house drummer for Prestige. Dawson turned down an offer to travel with Horace Silver, and joined Dave Brubeck's group because Brubeck was in the position to work primarily on weekends. Doing well at home, Dawson doesn't want to go on the road. Since he injured his back in 1975 (a strong man, he went too far when he lifted his Volkswagen out of a tight parking space), Dawson has taught only at home. Even so, he might teach for eight hours and then perform for another six. He has recorded with some of the best musicians of his time and played with many more. He travels to festivals all over the world. He has even made an impact on Waspish Lexington, a town with approximately 50 black families. To celebrate Black History Month, Dawson appeared with a group in a junior high school there. Rather proudly and with some surprise, he told me, "I'm becoming a role model."

* * *

Dawson's first session, with Clifford Brown, is available as *Clifford Brown in Paris*, Prestige 24020. Dawson likes his performance on Booker Ervin's *The Freedom Book*, Prestige 7295. He can also be heard with Sonny Criss (Prestige 7588), with Roland Kirk (Prestige 24080), with Dexter Gordon (Prestige 7829), with Al Cohn on a fine recording, *Play It Now* (Xanadu 110), and with Dave Brubeck on various albums recorded for Columbia.

A Turning Wheel: Thirty Years of the Asian Revolution by Robert Shaplen

(Random House; $15)

Despite the common Western belief that it is uniform and tradition-bound, Asia is an enormously diverse and rapidly changing continent. Since the end of World War II it has undergone a remarkable and often disturbing series of transformations ranging from the phoenix-like rebirth of Japan to the unspeakably horrible death of Cambodia. No single book could adequately cover the recent history of all of Asia, and, its title notwithstanding, *A Turning Wheel: Thirty Years of the Asian Revolution* wisely does not attempt to do this. Instead, it deals exclusively with Japan, South Korea, and that gruesome backwater known as Southeast Asia. No man would seem better qualified to write the definitive book about this part of the world than Robert Shaplen, the *New Yorker*'s man in Asia for the past 30 years. Unfortunately, Shaplen has failed to write such a definitive book.

The profiles Shaplen includes—he leaves out Taiwan and North Korea—are extremely uneven in quality. In only two nations does he seem to follow the significant events, while in the rest he gets caught up in details as the important facts pass him by. We will begin by discussing the countries he describes well.

Shaplen's picture of Burma, which is sort of a nation-sized version of the boy who wouldn't come out and play, is both interesting and on target. After being granted independence by the British, the Burmese, sick and tired of being both a colony and a cultural buffer zone between the Indian and Chinese civilizations, decided to embark upon a program known as "Burmese socialism,"

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the principal tenet of which seems to have been the necessity of having as little contact as possible with the rest of the world. This policy has been enacted successfully over the past generation. The country's only leader of international stature, a man named Aung San, was assassinated just before the Independence of 1948; the government then fell into the hands of the devout and phlegmatic U Nu. U Nu in turn was ousted by General Ne Win, the complacent despot who has controlled Burma most of the time since his first coup in 1958. (Control, however, may be too strong a word. One must remember that Ne Win has never actually ruled more than about half the country. The rest has been more or less implicitly ceded to various tribal movements, to communist insurgents of a particularly lackadaisical variety, and to a band of renegade Chinese from Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang army, who deemed the prospects of living well on the profits from cultivating and trafficking in opium in the hills of northern Burma distinctly superior to those of staying in China to fight Mao.) Under the leadership of the good general, the troublesome surplus of rice, which always seemed to bring the Burmese in contact with foreign buyers, has been almost eliminated through various farm policies. Both exports and imports have declined in volume by about two-thirds over the past 20 years, and such insidious implements of Western influence as automobiles, Coca-Cola, radios, and umbrellas have successfully been kept in extremely scarce supply. Although foreigners are not barred from entering Burma, a neat arrangement that prevented them from **staying more than 24 hours at a stretch has kept them fairly mobile.**

Whereas distrust and fear of foreigners, and especially of Westerners, has turned Burma in upon itself, it has propelled Japan into an astonishing and compulsive regimen of economic self-improvement. Dedication to hard work and unswerving loyalty to the national interest on the part of every stratum of society may have been the base for the rise of modern Japan, but the Japanese miracle gets its flavor from the profound sense of difference and uneasiness with which the Japanese view the rest of the world. Of all Asians the Japanese find it most difficult to get along with people who are not "their kind"; this, rather than Japan's notorious national selfishness, explains why it has accepted exactly three of the many millions of desperate refugees streaming out of Indochina over the past few years.

Shaplen is at his best when describing Japan. Before World War II the Japanese believed themselves to be a chosen people, protected by heaven. Their soil never had been violated by foreign forces. Even when it seemed as if they would have to lose, as when the Mongols mounted an enormous invasion fleet against them in the 13th century, something always came along to save them—in that particular case, a propitious storm, known thereafter as *kamikaze* or "the divine winds," which rose up out of nowhere and completely destroyed the Mongol armada. No such luck for the Japanese in 1945: their little overcrowded islands were burned to the ground; they were forced to accept the total humiliation of unconditional surrender; their emperor, the middleman between people and Providence, had been dethroned by the invaders, who were deliberating among themselves about executing him; and an enormous occupation force of enemy troops was making its way across the Pacific. When Shaplen arrived, three weeks after Hiroshima, the entire nation was in a state of emotional collapse. But within a matter of weeks the Japanese regained their national composure, and stoically determined that they would build their new future under the guidance of American architects.

By now the Japanese economic miracle is a *fait accompli*; less discussed, but equally impressive, has been the political miracle, the transition from junta rule to broad-based participatory democracy. To survive the Japanese have found it necessary to assume an identity that does not quite fit. Modern Japan is a land of baseball, transistors, and adrenalin, facing a world it still does not trust from behind a wall of massive trade barriers on an archipelago that has quite literally been poisoned by success. Japan will doubtless continue from one success to another, but the joy of these accomplishments is undercut by a premonition of impending disaster and an aggressive fear of the world. Shaplen's quotation from Sakyo Komatsu, one of Japan's leading science fiction writers, sums up the feeling: "Our prosperity is a cancer under the sun. . . . We need a whole new approach, a new world, but I'm not sure a new world needs Japan."

The perspective that Shaplen so effectively brings to bear on Japan is almost entirely absent from his

LES INVALIDES

At dusk by Les Invalides
a few old men play at boules,
tossing, holding
the crouch, listening for the clack
of steel on steel, strolling over, studying the ground.

Always at boules it's the creaking grace, the slow amble,
the stillness,
always it's the dusk deepening,
always it's the plane trees casting down their leaves,
always it's the past blowing its terrors behind distracted
eyes.

Always
it is empty cots lined up
in the darkness of rooms, where the last true men
once listened each dusk
for the high, thin, sweet clack
sounding from the home village very far away.

Galway Kinnell

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remaining profiles, where his memory seems to extend back only as far as 1968. *A Turning Wheel*, for example, almost completely misinterprets the events of the past 20 years in Singapore. The history of modern Singapore is largely the history of one man, Lee Kuan Yew, or Harry Lee as he was known before he went ethnic. He is quite simply one of the most brilliant men of modern times. Born into an insignificant family on an insignificant island in an insignificant part of the world, he has had to be content with ruling two million people rather than 20 million or 200 million. In his early 30s he put together a group known as the People's Action Party which swept Singapore's first election after independence. Lee has been prime minister ever since. Under his direction Singapore has grown rich; a poor colony only 20 years ago, it is now on the United Nation's list of developed countries, and if present trends continue it will exceed Britain's level of economic development by the end of the 1980s.

Although Shaplen goes to great lengths to berate the late President Park of South Korea over his dictatorial use of power, he fails to see that Lee's control over Singapore is even more complete. Lee has succeeded in doing what other modern rulers have only dreamed of: he has turned his nation into a plausible version of an Orwellian state. There is no need for explicit censorship in an Orwellian state: ingrained reflexes of fear prevent reporters from exercising their formal right of criticism, and if by some fluke they do write unfriendly pieces, ingrained reflexes of fear prompt the newsboys to pull the papers off the stands. The government does not have to lift a finger. The real sign of Lee's genius, and of his absolute power, is how seldom he has used force. Over the past 20 years he has broken Singapore's unions, tamed its student movements, dominated its business community, and reduced its opposition parties to powerless showpieces; yet in the course of these 20 years he has arrested fewer than 600 people. The story of Singapore tells us all that is inspiring, and all that is terrifying, about the progress of modern Asia. Regrettably, Shaplen shows no signs of recognizing this.

His discussion of martial law in the Philippines is more accurate, but it nevertheless misses three of the most important aspects of this unpleasant experiment in tyranny. First, martial law was initially welcomed by the nation since the previous political routine, a bastardized version of American electioneering, was both economically disastrous and physically dangerous. As the party in power would empty the treasury on pork-barrel deals for various far-flung constituencies, the opposition party would work out an arrangement with the local Chinese rice merchants to send the price of food, and the level of discontent, soaring. The net result of this pretty system was to starve and force into debt the voting public. And since each powerful political leader had his own gang of trigger-happy thugs, the nation could also expect around 200 election-related murders every four years. Second, a mainspring of Marcos's popularity after martial law was his policy of taking from the rich. Marcos pried the Manila utility company and many other large enterprises out of the hands of the Philippines' old moneyed families and then sold these businesses for laughably small sums to the Philippines' *new* moneyed families. Conveniently, he was related to most of them. Third, the Philippines is not a one-man show; rather, it is a mom-and-pop dictatorship. Marcos's wife, Imelda Romauldez Marcos, is one of the shrewder politicians in modern Asia; she and her husband seem to have worked out an extremely effective and mutually supporting arrangement by which they can share the loot. Shaplen touches upon this point, but does not seem to grasp its meaning—that it makes the inevitable succession crisis far less acute.

Like most Western visitors, Shaplen is

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announces the

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This Prize will be awarded in the autumn of 1981. Applications or nominations should be received by July 1, 1981, and sent in care of the Fund at 2501 Holmes Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64108.

The intent of the Prize is to commemorate and facilitate outstanding public service by private citizens in the areas of world peace, personal liberty, academic freedom, civil rights and good government. The Prize is $15,000 and will be given every three years until the end of this century.

The first Prize was received by Monsieur Jean Monnet on November 15, 1975, in Paris, France.

The second Prize was awarded the following three individuals on October 20, 1978, in New York City: Mr. Jack Greenberg, Director-Counsel, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, President, University of Notre Dame, and Mr. Sydney Kentridge of Johannesburg, South Africa.

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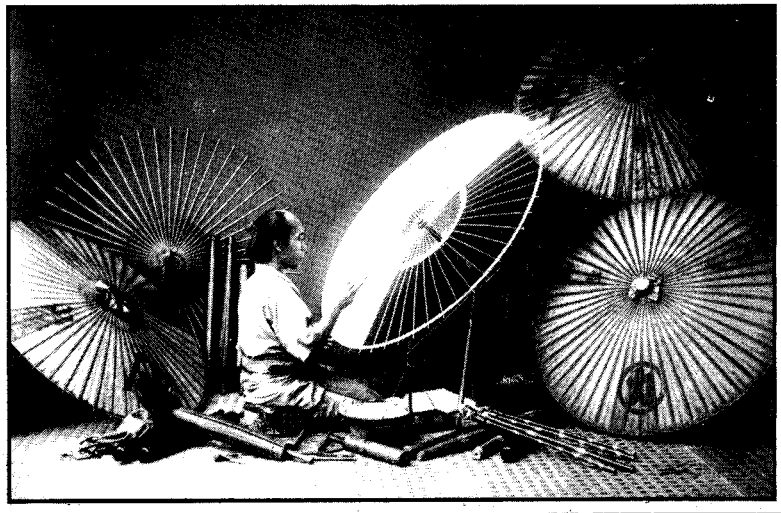
Japan: Photographs 1854-1905
edited and with an historical text by Clark Worswick
introduction by Jan Morris

(A Penwick/Alfred A. Knopf Book; $25)

"Waiter and Customer" (1870s) by Baron von Stillfried

The Japanese are not newly inclined to photography and to the adaptation of Western ways. Between the 1860s and the first decade of the 20th century—the same time that Japan was transformed from an isolated feudal country to a modern power—a distinctive Japanese photographic style developed out of a heterogeneous combination of talents, both native and Western. Some of the more important were a Japanese commercial photographer, Kusakabe Kimbei; a prominent Japanese society photographer, Ogawa Isshin; an Italian military photographer, Felix Beato; an Austrian, Baron von Stillfried. In images that are solid and straightforward rather than poetic, the 120 photographs by these and other photographers contained in this beautifully produced book depict Japanese society in posed but purposeful activity: warriors in different guises, women adorning themselves, vendors with their wares, wrestlers, priests, actors, musicians—at least one human figure in almost every scene of this various Japanese landscape.



"Umbrella-maker" (1880s) by Kusakabe Kimbei

convinced that South Korea's government is particularly wicked. While it is indeed a repellent autocracy, there are many other countries in the world that are at least as capricious and repressive in their use of power: China, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, to name just a few. Shaplen's hostile preconceptions blind him to the developments over the past generation that cannot be written off as disastrous or evil. For example, Shaplen makes much of "growing economic inequalities," although South Korea's level of income inequality is lower than our own. South Korea's income distribution, in point of fact, is one of the most egalitarian in the world. One of the reasons South Korea's money is so evenly distributed is its Saemaul Undong rural development program, which in less than a decade has transformed the face of South Korea's countryside and made it one of the few nations in the world where rural families earn more than urban families. *A Turning Wheel*, however, does not even explain what Saemaul Undong is. Bad guys, it seems, can never be allowed to do anything right.

Shaplen lumps Cambodia and Laos in under Vietnam, and this is fine, but he fails to come to grips with the character of that area's dominating force, the North Vietnamese, and this is fatal. In his agonized and random account of American mistakes and atrocities, he is reduced to repeating the detached confession that is by now so familiar from American post-mortems of the war; yet in his dealings with North Vietnam's subsequent brutal conquest of its neighbors, the worst he can bring himself to say is that the North Vietnamese were occasionally "bullies."

Robert Shaplen is a sincere and decent man. He genuinely likes the people he writes about, and is genuinely concerned with their plight. Unfortunately, sympathy is no substitute for comprehension. A journalist is a collector of information, and few journalists are adequately able to understand or synthesize the information they collect. Shaplen is not one of these few: the longer the time span he must cover (and thus the more information he must deal with), the more confusing he becomes.

It is this failure of vision, more than any flaw in description, that mars the book. Some of Shaplen's misperceptions are not terribly important, but some of them are. After 30 years of living in eastern Asia, for example, he is still apparently unaware of the depth, destructiveness, and tragedy of racial hatred in that region. Like the "nations" of Africa, each state in Southeast Asia is made up of many different peoples, most of whom fear and distrust each other, and more than occasionally treat each other with savage cruelty. The tale of the boat people is only the latest in a series of racial atrocities which has included the slaughter of half a million ethnic Chinese and a quarter of the Timorese population in Indonesia, the brutal war against the Moslems in the Philippines, and the persecution of Burma's Tamil Indians. Shaplen passes over these outrages quickly, and views with apparent equanimity the Malaysian government's increasingly oppressive treatment of the 40 percent of its population who are ethnic Chinese. He seems to assume that if a

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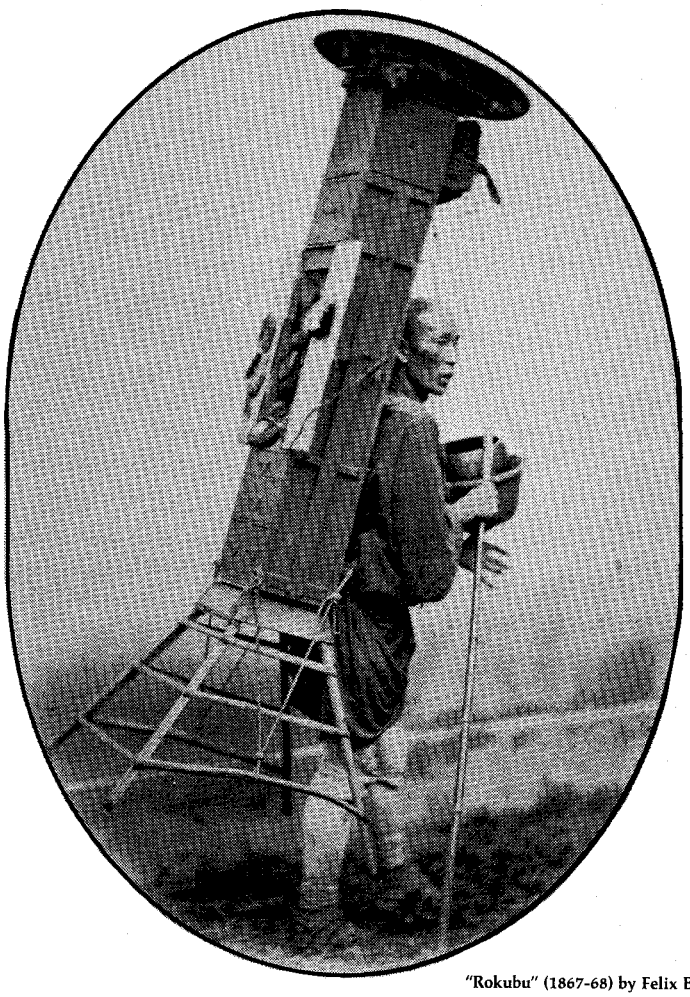
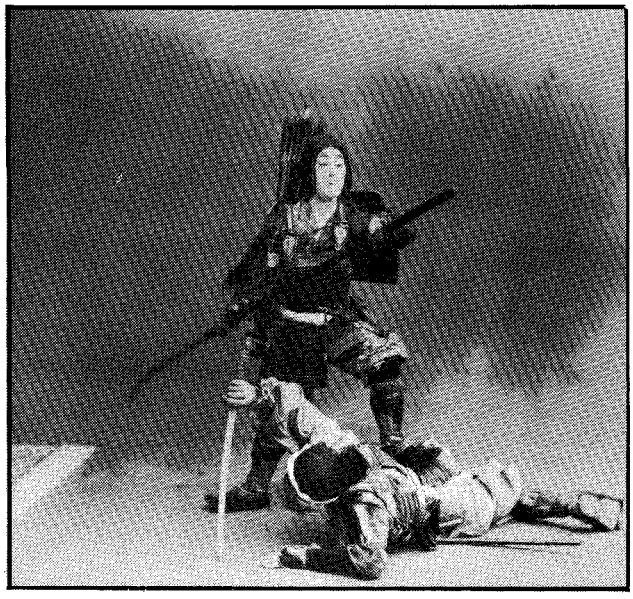


"Rokubu" (1867-68) by Felix Beato



"A Female Warrior of the Kamakura period" (1890) by Ogawa Isshin

minority has something it must not deserve it. He does not even seem to realize that the only reason the Chinese are in Malaysia at all is because they were brought in three generations ago as coolie laborers for the British tin mines, and that the only reason they have risen from the absolute bottom to the top has been their thrift, hard work, and willingness to sacrifice for the future of their families. This persecution of minority peoples, which he unwittingly condones, is ruinous for every group in the country, with the single exception of the ruling elite.

Shaplen's lack of perspective shows up clearly in his rare forays into the field of international politics. He feels, for example, that America's recognition of the People's Republic of China was a clever move. In our view nothing could be farther from the truth: while President Carter may have found recognition expedient, the whole thing was actually handled about as poorly as it could have been. The United States gained nothing from its paper realignment. Any dealings it wished to have with the Chinese, whether to sell them computers or train their students, could have been handled through the Peking liaison office. Official recognition was unlikely to change China's policy toward America or the rest of the world, and in fact has not. On the other hand, recognizing the People's Republic of China as abruptly and carelessly as America did cost a great deal. Among other things, it terrified many of the United States's smaller allies (especially those in Southeast Asia), who took this as a sign that their already unreliable partner was willing to sacrifice principle (i.e. support for its long-term allies) for nebulous strategic advantage. As much as one can make out, President Carter's principal motives in recognizing China were to distract attention from the deadlock in the Middle East peace negotiations and to prevent the irresponsible Ted Kennedy, a longtime recognition enthusiast, from using China as a 1980 campaign issue. This, alas, is not the only instance where Shaplen mistakes a disaster for a coup of statecraft.

But there is more to the history of modern Asia than power politics and the occasional rollover of rulers; some of the most needed changes in the lives of the people of eastern Asia are social and economic. Over the past 30 years dramatic, if erratic, improvements in material standards of living have been in evidence there. Death rates have plummeted, and literacy rates have soared. Many diseases have come under control, and outside of specific politically inflicted famines, hunger has been subsiding. A whole new range of services whose value cannot fully be judged by their market price have become available; these include electricity, contraceptives, and long-distance communication. The role of women has improved slowly, if not quite to the status of second-class citizens, then at least beyond the previous status of unhappy slaves. Certain countries, like Singapore, South Korea, and Taiwan, actually have managed to pull themselves out of Asian-style poverty and up to a level of affluence fast approaching that of the Western world. Elsewhere, however, not even local economic officials, much less visiting journalists like Shaplen, are fully aware

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of local developments, perhaps because they dislike visiting the dirty, boring little villages in which this progress is manifest. Observers and advisers all too often feel it is beneath their dignity to eat, work, and live with the people whose lives are their business. The few who have the patience to learn about the people firsthand, such as Richard Critchfield, come back with entirely different impressions from those who spend their time on telephones or waiting in government offices. Only in homogeneous Japan can one get a sense of the rhythm of life of the average citizen from sitting in a hotel bar.

Nicholas Eberstadt
Mendel Moynihan

Nicholas Eberstadt is a visiting research fellow at the Rockefeller Institute. *Mendel Moynihan* is a New York artist and journalist.

The Policing of Families by Jacques Donzelot

(Pantheon; $10, $4.95 paper)

The Enlightenment produced two ideas of enormous potency for the future of the West. The first was that human misery in this world was not merely an act of God, but could be alleviated by man's intervention to control his environment. The second was that man is not born with Original Sin, but is basically good. Given a suitable environment, his moral character can therefore be improved. Inspired by these two ideas, the West in the past 200 years has set out to defeat the age-old evils of poverty, disease, crime, cruelty, madness, and ignorance. The chosen instruments for this great enterprise were the family, designed to be moralized to become the environment in which good habits could be inculcated at an early age; and the school, where ignorance could be rolled back, and at the same time instruction given in morality, hygiene, punctuality, and thrift.

At first, these measures were left to voluntary societies. This vast program of private philanthropy, which spread all over Europe, was thought to be essential if the liberal non-interventionist bourgeois state was to be preserved and not perverted into a new Leviathan of social control. By the early 19th century, however, the rapidly growing masses of alienated, pauperized, illiterate proletariat, crammed into the teeming city slums, faced the reformers with a terrible dilemma. If this tide of barbarism was to be rolled back, it could only be done by the intervention of public authority. Under state direction, prisons were reformed and remodeled, with the object of moral rehabilitation, not punishment. Huge lunatic asylums were constructed on the best medical advice. Clean water, efficient sewage, free public schooling (later compulsory), a police force, and free hospitals were provided by tax-supported public agencies. Legislative curbs were placed on abuses in the home—protection of battered children and battered wives, child labor laws, temperance laws, etc. Then in the 20th century public housing was provided and finally social security and—in Britain at least—a free health service. The welfare state had arrived, and with it the emergence to great power and influence of a host of new professionals: doctors, psychologists, social workers, prison officials, factory inspectors, and the like.

The result was that, despite the unprecedented increase in numbers, there was a striking alleviation of human misery. Poverty, disease, cruelty, and ignorance did indeed retreat under this massive assault from above by both private and public agencies. To most historians, the whole enterprise looked like an extraordinary and unique success story, and one that had been achieved without the setting up of a totalitarian state apparatus. The recent movement to racial equality, the liberation of women, and sexual liberation were seen as the final stages of this 200-year effort of Enlightenment thought to free the individual from his chains. Such was, and is, the traditional view.

Since World War II, however, this interpretation has been turned on its head by a diverse group of revisionist historians. In America Erving Goffman has pointed out the extreme depersonalizing character of "total institutions"—a concept soon extended by others from the prison and the lunatic asylum to include the grade school. Christopher Lasch has described the sinister ambitions for power of the "helping professions," and outlined what he sees as their disastrous effects upon the modern family. Earlier, Gramsci had developed the concept of "bourgeois ideological hegemony," according to which almost any attempt to change the behavior of the poor, whether stopping them from getting drunk and beating their wives on Saturday nights, or from sending their children out to work at an early age and pocketing their wages, or getting the children to brush their teeth and keep the lice out of their hair, are all symptoms of the paternalist imposition of bourgeois values. This is, of course, quite true, but to lump all these things together merely as elements of cultural imperialism, the enslaving of the poor by brainwashing rather than force, is to abandon any distinction between good and evil consequences, and to blur essential differences between philanthropy and coercion. The third element of the attack has come from France, where Michel Foucault and his followers have launched a parallel critique of the impersonal and tyrannical character of reformed prisons, reformed lunatic asylums, and reformed schools. All, according to Foucault, are institutions for the isolation, coercion, and repression of deviants.

Foucault's latest book extends his theory to sexual control; attacks on concubinage, illegitimacy, masturbation, etc. are treated as similarly coercive in objective and result. The beneficiaries, according to Foucault and Lasch, are those ravening wolves in sheep's clothing: the doctors, psychologists, and other members of the "helping" professions. Their inquisitorial procedures, judicial interventions, and "scientific" remedies have reduced the family head to impotence, and exposed the family itself to constant scrutiny. Traditional family functions have been largely eroded, and the poor have become mere pawns in a relentless power grab by the new professional elites.

Jacques Donzelot, himself a follower of Foucault, focuses mainly on the juvenile court, to show how it operates to plug the gap between the family and

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the school as socializing agencies, and in the process deprives the family of all internal power in favor of the psychoanalyst, and, to a lesser extent, the wife and mother. The targets of this book are the strange trio of Marxists, feminists, and Freudians, who no doubt are none too happy to find themselves in such company. Donzelot shows that the Marxist interpretation of the modern family as a necessary adjunct of the bourgeois order, designed to provide free contract labor and to protect private property and savings, fails to fit the historical facts. It cannot explain why the link of the patriarchal family to the state was so much more direct in the *ancien regime*; nor why the new family type first emerged among the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy rather than the industrial proletariat; nor why the poor have allowed themselves to be so hoodwinked as docilely to accept these new bourgeois values; nor why the bourgeoisie has tolerated the disintegration of the family in the last 20 years.

Donzelot also strikes at the feminist movement by pointing out that since the mothers were the main agents of family change used by doctors, teachers, and others, promotional feminism is indissolubly linked to moralizing philanthropy and the rise of the "helping" professions. In return for enhancement of their power against their husbands, wives became willing allies of doctors and psychoanalysts in the invasion of family privacy. The family got the way it is by an alliance of feminists inside the home and philanthropists and the state outside it, each group pursuing its own goals.

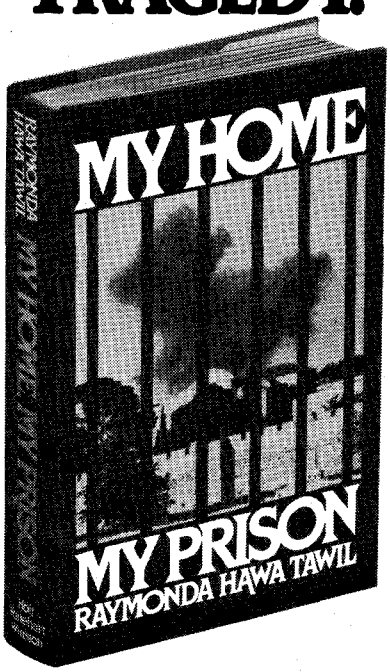
Donzelot attacks the Freudians by demonstrating the power-lust of psychoanalysts to dominate all aspects of family life. The family became the key to management of a liberal society not because it is the most effective agent for the suppression of the id, as the Freudians argued, but because external agents wanted to use it to achieve their moralistic ends.

The great merit of this book is that it recognizes the strength of parts of both the cynical revisionist and the old "Whiggish" view of family and social development. Donzelot sees a double revolt in progress; a revolt of the poor against their conditions and a revolt of individuals against constraint and exploitation by the traditional family. He sees the family as a positive solution to the problems of the liberal bourgeois state, not a foot-dragging element of resistance to change. He links the family to society via philanthropy, and rejects the crude notion that philanthropic advice about how to improve one's condition is the equivalent of bourgeois coercion. It was, on the contrary, a substitute for coercion. The result was to free individuals from patriarchal family control (divorce legislation); and to promote and enforce new moral norms within the nuclear family (legislation about child care and parental authority).

The price paid, however, has been the surrender of the family to tutelage by the psychoanalyst, who has become the substitute for the priest as the arbiter of sexual behavior and family norms. The pre-modern priests are described by Donzelot as "a veritable Mafia grafted onto the system of alliance," and he clearly regards the psychoanalytic profession in a similar light. The result is the current withering away of the family, as individual self-expression becomes the prime goal advocated by sex therapists and marriage counselors. The family is now described merely as "persons under one roof," and the ideal goal as "the revalorization of the person." In their anxiety to dismantle first the exploitative family, and then the hothouse overprotective family, the psychoanalysts now have caused the atomization of the family, which presents an equally serious threat to the cohesive fabric of society. The result has been the "me generation."

As I have said, Donzelot's book is going to cause unhappiness among Marxists, feminists, and Freudians, a formidable trio of enemies to take on. It is not at all easy to read—the days when French intellectuals cultivated Cartesian clarity are, alas, over—and it is at times repetitive and irrelevant. Its weakness, like that of the work of Foucault, Lasch, and the others, is its obsessive suspicion of the motives of social workers, doctors, and psychologists, and its consequently rather simplistic conspiracy theory of history. It also falls into the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy, that the product is evidence of the intention of the actors. But the prison reformers did not mean to create the psychological hell of 19th-century Pentonville (much less 20th-century Attica) any more than the lunatic asylum reformers intended to create the snakepits that resulted from their labors. Recent efforts to describe the

A PALESTINIAN WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE ARAB-ISRAELI TRAGEDY.



Here is a look at the Middle East from a Palestinian woman's point of view. Raymonda Tawil dares to be pro-Palestinian while living in Israel, and dares to be a feminist while living in a medieval society. Her story is the story of the Palestinian people.

"Mrs. Tawil gives us, with sadness but without rancor... what it is to be a Palestinian in the West Bank."
–The New York Times Book Review

MY HOME, MY PRISON
by Raymonda Hawa Tawil
$12.95
Holt, Rinehart & Winston

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19th-century grade school as a "total institution" are gross distortions of reality that ignore the urgent demand from the poor themselves for instruction with which to better their lot. Instead of a careful balancing of pros and cons, we have the alternatives of savage polemic or Panglossian optimism. The fine distinctions from which alone truth can emerge are lost in the din of ideological battle.

But much of Donzelot's book (not all of it) avoids the worst of these excesses. It offers a powerful, persuasive, and in places brilliant reinterpretation of what has been happening to the Western family and society for the last 200 years. As such it should be widely read as an essential corrective both to the old over-optimistic interpretation and to the new pessimistic and apocalyptic vision of the recent history of the family and society in the West.

Lawrence Stone

Lawrence Stone is Dodge Professor of History at Princeton University, and author of *Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800* (Harper & Row Torchbooks).

Bomber Command
by Max Hastings

(Dial Press/James Wade; $12.95)

The contributions of the British and American air forces to the bombing of Germany in World War II are comparable to those of the British and American armies on the Western Front in World War I. In both the Americans arrived late on the scene, full of misplaced confidence that led them to make appalling mistakes, but with the energy, the ingenuity, and above all the numbers that enabled them to learn from those mistakes within a few months and go on to win. With the British the learning process was spread out over four or five years, the resources were more slender, and the transition from primitive illusion to ultimate achievement all the more agonizing.

The British official history, *Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany: 1939-1945*, by Charles Webster and N. Frankland, has already told the story with remarkable frankness, but in grey, neutral prose and with inevitably muffled judgments. There is nothing either grey or muffled about Max Hastings's work. It is careful without being dull, vivid without being overwritten, and its judgments are firm without being arbitrary. Admittedly his documentation is hopeless—better no references at all than this slapdash selection—and he contributes by a few dogmatic statements to the canard that Churchill wanted to avoid a second front in 1943. But these are minor blemishes on a work that is popular history at its very best. The British edition caused an acrimonious and inevitable flurry, for the verdict of the book is that in the last analysis the bomber offensive was a failure. Nevertheless the record established by Max Hastings is one of which no member of RAF Bomber Command has cause to feel ashamed.

The story has a dramatic completeness. It opens with the hubristic belief of the pre-war RAF that future wars might be won by bombing alone. It describes the gallant and futile attempts during the early wartime years to find and attack really legitimate targets, the de facto abandonment of discrimination in 1941, the huge battles in the air of 1943-44 as both sides developed their equipment and expertise, and it reaches its climax with the terrible victory of 1945 when the Luftwaffe had been eliminated and German cities lay at the mercy of Allied bombers. Max Hastings tells this story by interweaving accounts of high-level controversies and decisions with descriptions of the men and the units that had to carry out those decisions. He conveys the bureaucratic routine of Bomber Command HQ, where a brusque word from the commander in chief might spell death that night for scores of British and thousands of Germans, as well as he does the feel of a bomber station and, most difficult of all, the tedium, discomfort, and terror of flying on a raid over Germany. And he spares us nothing of the nightmares those raids created, eventually, in Germany itself.

Was all this effort justified, militarily and morally? Militarily I believe it was, and I cannot accept Max Hastings's final verdict. It is not just that between 1940 and 1942 Britain had no other means of attacking Germany. Even after that, if the Luftwaffe had not been driven to the defensive, and if massive resources had not been diverted to the air defense of Germany, the Western Allies would have had very little chance of landing on the mainland of Europe at all and advancing as fast as they did; while the task of the Russians would have been even tougher than it was. The belief that the war could be won by air power alone was a chimera, and with hindsight we certainly can claim that our air power could have been distributed more effectively than it was. But the contribution of the bomber offensive to the defeat of Nazi Germany was massive and indispensable, and this conclusion Max Hastings does not, in my view, successfully disprove.

What of the moral justification? Here we are in deeper waters, but Mr. Hastings navigates them no less ably. It was not essential for the RAF to resort to the bombing of cities when they found that they were incapable, with the equipment available, of dropping their bombs within five miles of their targets; but in the circumstances of the time no other course would have been either strategically effective or politically acceptable. In his determination not to risk British lives in order to spare German civilians—which was what discrimination would have meant at that stage—Churchill was typical of British public opinion. The opponents of indiscriminate bombing were, and very largely remained, a tiny minority of the elite. The crunch came later, in 1944, when the Allied air force had developed not only the technical tools for precision-bombing but a strategic doctrine—indeed a number of competing doctrines—for using them to win the war more quickly. That Bomber Command nonetheless continued to hammer at German cities was due in the first place to the refusal of its commander-in-chief, Sir Arthur Harris, to believe that there could be any more effective way of using his forces. Harris was always quite open about this: his target was not German industrial capacity but the morale of the German people. If the British government did not like it, he maintained, they could sack him; but if they did, they should back him up.

In fact the government and the chief of the air staff, Sir Arthur Portal, did

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neither. The former blandly continued to deny that Bomber Command was aiming at anything but military targets. The latter agreed with the Americans on a target plan directed against German industrial resources, but weakly allowed Harris to go his own way. It would have been, by that stage of the war, as politically unpopular to sack "Bomber" Harris as to fire Montgomery. The result was on the one hand the destruction of largely undefended German cities, one by one, in the last six months of the war, and on the other the virtual disgrace of Harris as soon as the war ended. He received neither honors nor further promotion, and the men who served under him were awarded no campaign medal such as was given to their colleagues in Fighter or Coastal Command.

Whether the British government and people were guilty of unnecessary brutality in fighting this most desperate of all their wars must remain an open question. Both, during most of the war's course, were in no mood, even if they were in a position, to make nice moral distinctions. But the lack of moral courage on the part of those who directed the policy contrasts disagreeably with the extreme demands they made on the people who had to carry it out. The charge of hypocrisy is, alas, one that Max Hastings proves to the hilt.

Michael Howard

Michael Howard teaches at Oxford and is the author of *War and the Liberal Conscience* (Rutgers University Press).

The Autobiography of Federico Sanchez and the Communist Underground in Spain by Jorge Semprun translated by Helen R. Lane

(Karz; $14.95)

Jorge Semprun is known today as a major European novelist and screenwriter, author of prizewinning novels *The Long Voyage* (1963) and *The Second Death of Ramon Mercader* (1969), and such important films as *La Guerre Est Finie* (1966), *Z* (1968), *The Confession* (1969), *Stavisky* (1974), *Special Section* (1975), and a new film by Joseph Losey, *Les Routes Du Sud* (1978). Yet 16 years ago Semprun had not published one work, and was known only by his secret Communist party assigned name, Federico Sanchez.

Under that identity, and operating out of France, Sanchez headed the vast underground communist apparatus in Franco's Spain between 1952 and 1962. A member of the Spanish Communist party's (PCE) Politburo, Semprun had been a militant Communist since his youth. He had gone into exile with his Republican family, fought in France with the Resistance, and, at age 20, had been captured by the Gestapo and sent to Buchenwald in 1943. Semprun/Sanchez survived the concentration camp, but not the Communist party. Along with the Marxist historian and theoretician Fernando Claudin, whose criticisms Semprun shared, he was expelled from the PCE in 1964, as somewhat of a premature Eurocommunist.

Now Semprun has given us his autobiography as a communist militant, written in the style of an anti-chronological novel, both a gripping story of the life of an underground militant and a devastating critique of Western European communism in a time of collapse. It is a work that can be compared favorably with the political novels and memoirs of Orwell, Koestler, and Silone, all of which covered similar ground in a different epoch.

Still very much a Marxist, Semprun writes as an advocate of revolutionary change in advanced capitalist countries, as a "man aligned to what we must call without any mysticism the movement of the left," as he put it in a recent interview. He is not one more renegade from communism, anxious to testify on behalf of the virtues of late capitalism. It is this unique stance that gives Semprun's critique its compelling power to persuade us of his main charge—that the Eurocommunist parties, including Santiago Carrillo's PCE, are morally bankrupt and unworthy of allegiance by working-class militants.

Semprun begins his account at the end—at the meeting during which Sanchez is about to be expelled from the PCE. The madonna of Spanish communism, La Pasionara, is about to take the podium at the meeting of the PCE Politburo, held in an ancient castle once inhabited by Bohemian kings on the outskirts of Prague. She hurls "lightning bolts of her wrath" at Sanchez, and castigates him and Claudin as "hare-brained intellectuals," evidently the most odious charge the PCE chieftain can come up with. By then, her words produced only "nauseated disgust" in Sanchez. But there was an earlier time, he quickly reminds us, when Sanchez himself had sung the praises of Comrade Dolores Ibárruri. Semprun offers readers sections of his poetic ode to La Pasionara—a self-deprecating apologia to the commissar from a son of the middle classes: "I am not a Bolshevik; I am trying to be one / Nor am I, Dolores, from the working classes/ . . . .You understand, I know my heart is yours." The reasons for the inclusion are stated clearly. "I am unwilling to forget my own past," Semprun explains. "I was a Stalinized intellectual."

If one quality typifies the kind of mind, it is, says Semprun, perpetual historical amnesia. What is communist memory? Semprun answers:

> And you are once again amazed to note how selective the memory of Communists is. They remember certain things and forget others. And others they banish entirely from their memory. Communist memory is in reality a way of not remembering; it does not consist of recalling the past but of censoring it. The memory of Communist leaders functions pragmatically, in accordance with the political interests and objectives of the moment. It is not a historical memory, a memory that bears witness, but an ideological memory.

Semprun's heresy is precisely that he believes in bearing truthful witness to the past, and he unfolds that witness without hesitation, regardless of the consequences. But not quite. Even Semprun waited to publish his autobiography until *after* the legalization of the PCE, so that the Spanish right

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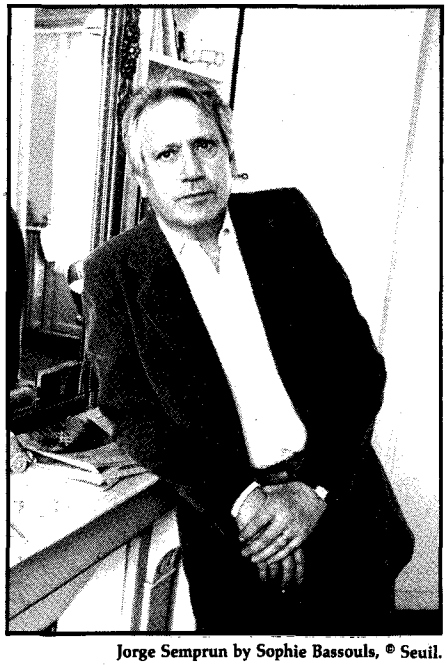
could not use his revelations as ammunition in the 1977 elections.

That brief regard for the fortunes of his old comrades did not succeed in winning him their gratitude. When his book appeared, it was clear that Semprun had attacked the very raison d'être of communist practice, the idea of the party spirit. At a moment when the PCE was triumphantly celebrating the return of La Pasionara to her beloved Spain, Semprun had the audacity to write that La Pasionara was "incapable of telling the truth about her own past, or the truths of our own history." These hidden truths include, Semprun charges, arranging the murder of leading militants, and of taking unnecessary risks that resulted in the deaths of others. It always included maintaining a slavish mentality that guaranteed the failure of serious militants' dreams. To these charges, the PCE replied in the only way it knew—Semprun's book, it charged, was part of a CIA campaign against the left.

Semprun does not excuse himself for the odious practices of his past. Being a Stalinized intellectual meant that even when one knew the truth, one hid it in the interests of the party. The horror came home to Sanchez in 1952, when the Czechs executed Josef Frank, a victim of the Slanksy purge trials. Frank had been Semprun's close comrade in Buchenwald. "You had lived side by side with him for two years," Semprun writes. "You knew immediately that the accusation was false. You knew it with that brutal physical certainty that tangible truths bring with them." No one could convince Sanchez that Josef Frank, a militant and brave Communist, had been a Gestapo agent. That "burning and terrible truth" of Frank's innocence thus contaminated "the entire moral environment of your ideological nonsense." Yet not once did Sanchez proclaim his innocence or protest the falseness of the accusation. "You preferred living the lie of the accusation against Frank within the party to living the truth of his innocence outside the party."

Unlike his alter ego Sanchez, Jorge Semprun adopts Antonio Gramsci's motto that the truth is always revolutionary, and he extends it to the view that a party or social movement that lies about its own past can have no claim for moral and political leadership in the present.

He argues boldly what he sees as a new truth for revolutionaries—that Communist parties are "of no use either for taking power or instituting socialism." Second, Semprun argues that working-class militants should hold no bonds of solidarity with the "socialist" countries. For these inappropriately labeled systems, he writes, must be "observed in fact without ideological illusions, without mystifications to legitimate them." He agrees that many of them—Cuba, for example—have made material and social progress, or have developed military and industrial power. But these are merely the result of the growth of capital, Semprun notes, and with great irony declares that Spain accomplished as much, more rapidly and extensively, under Franco's fascism as any "socialist" country.



Jorge Semprun by Sophie Bassouls, © Seuil.

Semprun echoes the analysis offered in the 1940s by Max Shachtman, the dissident American Trotskyist, possibly without realizing it. Under "socialism," he explains, surplus value has been wrested from the old bourgeoisie, but only "for the benefit of a new bureaucratic class, as exploitative and dominating as itself, and not for the benefit of the overall working collectivity."

Sounding like a democratic socialist, Semprun acknowledges the superiority of the Western bourgeois democracies. Here, at least, the working classes enjoy some democratic freedoms which the bourgeoisie is forced to accept and respect. Under liberal capitalism, the working classes manage to become "conscious of the exploitation to which [they are] subjected," and to organize themselves in opposition to it. But under what passes for socialism, the result is quite different:

> In the countries of capitalism within a bureaucratic state—those countries improperly called 'Socialist'—the working class does not enjoy these possibilities. It is not allowed to strike. It can organize itself only in labor unions that are mere transmission belts of the state apparatus and the single party, compared to which the vertical unions of the Franco dictatorship were genuine democratic paradises.

It is not surprising that Semprun believes that the only way out for the working classes of the Soviet bloc nations is either through "silent, stubborn and desperate class struggles," or through massive confrontations between the people and the state.

The problem in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union is more than that the populace faces a monolithic state and a single party. In addition, it is the prisoner of an ideology "forced upon it as being its very own: the ideology of Socialism. And the ideology of Socialism is the opium of the people." It is an ideology that masks the reality of oppression. The working classes are taught they have power. They are unable to learn "that they are exploited by a new system of domination, masked behind the bloody tinsel of the ideology-of-socialism." Perhaps, he ventures (is he being facetious?), a capitalist restoration would again allow the dynamic of class struggle to develop. Capitalism might prove to be the objective of proletarian insurrection in Eastern Europe. Socialism, at any rate, must be "destroyed from the base," and Semprun even contemplates the necessity of "popular violence" that might be unleashed against the Soviet system.

As for the Western Communists, including especially the PCE, Semprun finds them wanting. Under Santiago Carrillo's leadership, he shows, the PCE sacrificed scores of honest militants on behalf of a false and impossible triumphalism, always calling forth action on behalf of unrealistic and irrelevant programs. Defeats were treated as victories through the magic of rhetoric and the endorsement of Marxist-Leninist science. And the supposedly new Eurocommunist leaders not only lie about their own pasts, they continue to practice what Semprun calls a "Stalinism clad in slippers," so that it is impossible for them to become transformed into agencies for a democratic structural change. They view the party as a "collective astrologer," not the "collective intellectual" proposed by Gramsci. The

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party itself was the only truth; their world was one of religion, and was "linked to a totalizing and totalitarian conception of the world."

Semprun is weakest on answers. He eschews both communism and social democracy, both of which he finds outdated and incapable of leading to the kind of changes that would produce a good society. He obviously sees his own autobiography as an act of political intervention—an attempt by a communist cadre of an earlier time to reach the new revolutionaries, so they can learn from his own experience. He writes as a Marxist intellectual, seeking to rescue socialism from those who have befouled its name on behalf of a monstrosity. He seeks to rescue socialism from leaders like La Pasionara. Her truths, he writes in a novel in progress of which we are given a glimpse, have made her "the figurehead of a phantom vessel, whose cargo is the corpses of comrades."

Semprun has deserted the vessel once sailed in willingly by Sanchez. Others, undoubtedly, will follow after reading his passionate and courageous testimony.

Ronald Radosh

Ronald Radosh is writing a book on the Rosenberg case for Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Robin Winks on mysteries

Angle of Attack
by Rex Burns
(Harper & Row; $9.95)

The Burglar Who Liked to Quote Kipling
by Lawrence Block
(Random House; $7.95)

Carnage of the Realm
by Charles A. Goodrum
(Crown; $8.95)

Death in the Morning
by Sheila Radley
(Scribner's; $8.95)

A Comedian Dies
by Simon Brett
(Scribner's; $7.95)

Bishop's Pawn
by Ritchie Perry
(Pantheon; $8.95)

Boudapesti 3
by Desmond Lowden
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $8.95)

The Death in the Willows
by Richard Forrest
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $8.95)

Gold by Gemini
by Jonathan Gash
(Harper & Row; $8.95)

Calypso
by Ed McBain
(Viking; $8.95)

Dorothy L. Sayers: A Literary Biography
by Ralph E. Hone
(Kent State University Press; $15)

As Her Whimsey Took Her: Critical Essays on the Works of Dorothy L. Sayers
edited by Margaret P. Hannay
(Kent State University Press; $15)

Not every day—or even every three months—is one given two reasons at the same time for wallowing in self-doubt (self-pity is quite a different matter). But the latest books by Rex Burns and Lawrence Block have sent me back to their earlier efforts, to discover how wrong I had been. I was not overly fond of Rex Burns's first two books, thinking their principal merit was the introduction of a Chicano detective and a Denver setting, and even the third seemed merely "worthwhile," that category for taking on flights to the Coast. But now, with *Angle of Attack*, Rex Burns shows himself to be the best new talent in the field of American detective fiction. And Block, whose burglar hero, Bernie Rhodenbarr, I found distinctly unfunny before, has found the right voice in *The Burglar Who Liked to Quote Kipling*.

Gabriel Wager, Burns's Denver policeman, began in the narcotics branch, and while *The Alvarez Journal* and *The Farnsworth Score* show that Burns can write, and properly reek of the sleaze of the drug culture, they seem the product of research rather than creative imagination. In *Speak for the Dead* Wager is transferred to homicide, where he faces hostility from co-workers who resent his reputation and obsessive professionalism. But this book gave us Wager developing as a personality, a person ready to press in a tough way the distinction between mercy and justice. Now *Angle of Attack* takes Wager a long step further as a fully realized personality at work in an acutely observed environment. Written in tight, utterly controlled prose, *Angle of Attack* captures the ecology of an entire subculture more surely than most works of sociology. And Wager is part of that ecology, as he moves within the environment he knows so well to resolve the problem caused by a casual gang killing in a deteriorating city. There are those critics who draw distinctions between detective fiction and serious novels: let them read *Angle of Attack* to discover that the distinction need not exist.

Block's book is featherweight, an airy matter of good humor, but it turns on an intriguing premise: that a single copy of an epic poem, anti-Semitic in content, written by Rudyard Kipling and given to his friend H. Rider Haggard, has survived, despite Kipling's efforts to recover the copies from his moment of folly, and is now wanted by a variety of people for a variety of reasons. Rhodenbarr, who runs a bookshop when not out picking locks, undertakes to lift the copy for a collector who purports to quote exactly the *Daily Herald*'s doggerel about the two writers (though he gets it a wee bit wrong), and from there on Block has good fun with Kipling. He also enjoys telling us about the book trade, and bringing a few real people into his book, like Carol Brener, who runs the New York book store specializing in the genre, Murder Ink.

Charles Goodrum has fun with real people too. *Carnage of the Realm*, like its predecessor, *Dewey Decimated*, gives us a superbly punny title, and good reading for scholars and librarians, but the mystery is comparatively slight. Billed as a numismatic mystery (*that* should give away the pun), this second exploit of Edward George, "as wise a book man as ever Yale produced," is full of high spirits and good wit, and it is satisfying to the ego to find myself quoted, together with Jacques Barzun, W. Stull Holt, and Norman Cantor, though I am certain I never said anything quite the way Goodrum says I did.

Sheila Radley, in *Death in the Morning*, has written a tidy mystery, all of the clues in place; and its village setting is as

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familiar as it is welcome. Two clues, one verbal and one physical, telegraph the solution for old hands, but one's delight in civilized prose, a shrewd eye, and a pleasant setting—the community is almost certainly, in "real life," Thetford—more than compensate for the muted surprise. Beginning with the discovery of a dead girl floating in a shallow stream, much as Ophelia was discovered, apparently drowned while gathering flowers one May Day morning, Ms. Radley moves on to explore the social ecology of a placid village with as cold an eye as Rex Burns turns on Denver.

Simon Brett is also a "civilized" writer who puts neither a word wrong nor an unnecessary expletive under the nose of the fastidious. *A Comedian Dies* is his best book (of five): wry, a bit aloof from its own characters, moving in its sidelong glances at theater on the fringe. Brett's series figure, Charles Paris, is not really a very successful actor, but he has an affection for the stage—here for an old-time vaudeville comic—that is infectious, and when a fading standup comic is electrocuted by apparently faulty wiring, Paris decides to poke and pry. In the end, he must make almost the same choice within the ecology of his milieu that Gabriel Wager is forced to make in *Angle of Attack*. In this way both Burns and Brett come up with truly shocking last sentences.

Our next five books are examples of formula fiction, executed with competence, in which we receive just about what we pay for and expect. Ritchie Perry has written several thrillers about his super-secret agent Philis, who stands somewhere midway between James Bond and Quiller. This time he must help a Roman Catholic bishop escape from East Germany; he soon discovers that the bishop is not what he seems, and that the East Germans may even want him to escape. Everything unrolls with the comfortable sense that new double-crosses may be counted on every page and that in the end Philis will triumph. Perry appears to think that Waltraud is a man's first name, and Desmond Lowden, in *Boudapesti 3*, believes that the red *Guide Michelin* contains maps in such detail as to make it possible to measure precisely the firing line for an assassin's bullet, but minor errors do not cloud the central issues in either book. For Lowden, who is not otherwise colorblind, the issue is whether his not particularly pleasant hero, an out-of-work film cutter, can outrun his pursuers after being lured to Athens and set up as the fall guy in an assassination that might as well have taken place from a grassy knoll.

There is a less convincing chase in a more entertaining novel, Richard Forrest's *The Death in the Willows*. Set largely in Connecticut, *Willows* begins with the highjacking of a bus shortly after it pulls out of the Port Authority Terminal in Manhattan. Lyon Wentworth, writer of what, from the fragments quoted, are particularly treacly children's books, has a gun thrust into his hand and is forced to kill the highjacker; he is then taken to be a professional killer, and subsequent efforts on his life lead him scurrying for an explanation for the entire series of bizarre episodes. His wife, who is in the midst of an election campaign for the House of Representatives, and who is secretary of state for Connecticut, makes an odd foil, for she wears a hearing aid that appears to be unusually selective. In the end all is explained entertainingly, if not convincingly.

Jonathan Gash does not mean to be convincing, but he does intend to entertain, and his second novel about Lovejoy, amoral antique dealer and seedy anti-gourmet, does just that. The plot is silly enough: the search for some possible Roman coins that just may be on the Isle of Man. The resolution is at least as silly. But the characters are colorful, the comments on antiques (even though implanted somewhat awkwardly this time) are revealing, and Lovejoy's ever-grungy love life remains all too likely. And certainly the overall air, if rather like Land's End on a summer weekend, with lolly wrappers whipping in the wind, is far less depressing than the world conjured up by Ed McBain in *Calypso*. This, McBain's 33rd 87th Precinct novel, is the least good, and the closest to true pornography, of any. I have read them all, and liked most of them. McBain may well be the most professional detective writer in America today; his gritty procedural episodes are utterly convincing; his ear for dialogue (except when he brings on stage his gross homicide team of Monroe and Monoghan) is acute. The shooting of a calypso singer and of a hooker, apparently unconnected, send Carella and Meyer Meyer down their accustomed mean streets, doggedly pursuing the leads that pop out of the dialogue as plot demands. But this time the motivation, when discovered, and the resolution when presented, are simply false. Still, McBain is the best

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there is with this kind of novel, and if ever reading was compulsive, this is.

Finally, Dorothy Sayers, now the object of a good bit of scholarship, and always well worth rereading when at her best. Ralph E. Hone, who teaches English at the University of Redlands, has written an affectionate, careful, and entertaining "literary biography." He does not submit the Wimsey stories to close analysis, and we gain neither Freudian nor Marxist insights, thank God, from what he has to say, but we do learn quite a bit more, and with great accuracy and perceptiveness, than from Janet Hitchman's unhappy biography, *Such a Strange Lady*, of four years ago. Hone is particularly good on Dorothy Sayers's religious essays, a subject often ignored, and while Lord Peter receives less attention here than his fans will want, the strange lady seems less strange in the end. In the collection of essays edited by Margaret P. Hannay, which largely grew out of scholarly papers read at seminars devoted to Dorothy Sayers at various Modern Language Association conventions, one gets what one is entitled to expect: some rather good things, some rather bad things, a little foolishness, and a good bit of solid matter. The volume concludes with a useful bibliography of Sayers manuscripts and letters in public collections in the United States, and along the way we are given equal portions of analysis of Dorothy Sayers as dramatist, aesthetician, and translator, as well as writer on crime, guilt, and justice. It all makes one wish that Sayers's unfinished novel, *Thrones, Dominations*, might have told us at last about Lord Peter's frailties as we had learned of his strengths.

Brief Reviews

Civilities and Civil Rights: Greensboro, North Carolina, and the Black Struggle for Freedom

by William H. Chafe

(Oxford University Press; $13.95)

Civilities and Civil Rights fittingly memorializes the 20th anniversary of the sit-ins at a Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1960. It is a history of race relations in Greensboro, North Carolina, between 1940 and 1970 that is infused with the spirit of the dissent it chronicles. Thoughtful, well written, and thoroughly researched, it is a work of disciplined, committed scholarship that is likely to inspire imitation.

The civil rights movement generally has been studied from a national perspective that focuses upon the activities of highly publicized leaders. The problem with such analyses is that they tend, in William Chafe's words, to be "distant from the day-to-day life of the local people most affected by the movement." Chafe supplies a needed corrective by emphasizing the contribution of ordinary people to the struggle for black rights: the maids, milkmen, and laborers who braved economic reprisal in order to seek integrated schooling for their children.

What enables Chafe to analyze history as experienced at the street level is his use of oral as well as written sources. "The written record," he notes, "too often represents the experience of only a small segment of the society—usually white, male, and upper class." By supplementing written documentation with oral testimony, Chafe captures memories and insights that would otherwise be lost or slighted. But more is involved here than preserving the historical record. By giving voice to ordinary citizens and stressing the centrality of their place in events, Chafe is led to challenge certain popular historical conceptions. He rejects, for instance, the idea that poor whites were the group mainly responsible for retarding progress toward racial justice. Most of the blame, he convincingly argues, falls on politicians and business leaders who raised the specter of "redneck" revolt to justify their defense of the status quo. Another common supposition he challenges is the notion that the protests of the 1960s marked a sudden disjuncture in the course of black history. Using his oral sources to good effect, he shows that a continuity of dissent has characterized the black experience in Greensboro. The drama of the sit-ins records not only a rebellion of youth; it reflects the dedication of an older generation that had dutifully protected and effectively inspired its children. As a teacher of the demonstrators observed, "the gods bring the threads to webs begun."

Chafe highlights the antagonistic interaction between the insistence by whites upon civility and the demands of

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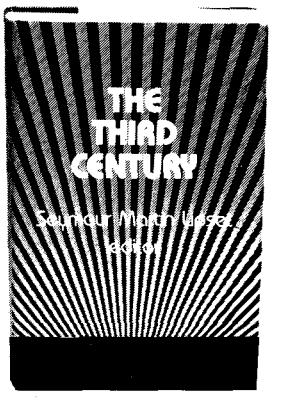

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America as a Post-Industrial Society

Seymour Martin Lipset, editor

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blacks for their civil rights. Time and again Greensboro's white elite succeeded in muffling protest by exalting etiquette over substance, manners over rights. It was only when blacks abandoned established modes of communication and created their own political language and their own political rules that they commanded attention. *Civilities and Civil Rights*, then, is as suggestive about future actions as it is instructive about the past. It represents the sort of scholarly advocacy that honors the historian's calling. For as Richard Hofstadter once declared, "a keen sense of history begets a feeling of social responsibility and a need to act."

Randall Kennedy

Randall Kennedy is a student at Yale Law School.

A Man of Middle Age & Twelve Stories by Patricia Zelver

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $12.95)

The voice of these stories is that of a professional storyteller; its pace is brisk; it never betrays a personal anxiety in a pile-up of adjectives or phrases. In its perfection of pitch, in its control, in its polish and economy, it seems almost impersonal. This, at any rate, is what one feels as one reads the 12 stories and one short novel in this collection. But when one has finished the book one sees something else: a recurrence not merely of situation (upper-middle-class suburbia, California style) but of theme. Rapid, professional, written originally for magazines, these stories nonetheless convey a personal vision of life. As for that efficient narrative voice, on second reading it seems to express Patricia Zelver's themes in a remarkably organic way. I say themes, not obsessions, because Ms. Zelver is always in control. Her stories say exactly what one feels she wants them to say. They deliver her messages never less than splendidly. All they lack is mystery.

The time of the stories is now, a moral moment when, "All the old mainstays—to which we once turned for guidance and comfort—no longer work. Church. Patriotism. The Family. The Boy Scouts. Pride in Craftsmanship. Excellence in Plumbing and Termite Inspection, et cetera." These thoughts belong to a character in one of these stories; the upper case of her litany indicates the irony with which she regards such banal diagnoses. In this she is typical of nearly all of Patricia Zelver's characters; they are familiar to the point of nausea with the malaise of the age. Their question is what to do about it. The conclusions they arrive at are as traditional as they are inevitable: live against the age, live with integrity, live with belief, and if you can't manage any of these, then tell jokes or spin fantasies until the trouble or the danger or the anxiety passes. For it will pass. Tomorrow, as several of these characters remind themselves, is another day. Only hang on. Only cope. The triumph of Patricia Zelver's art is to make us feel that this is an achievement.

"A Happening at Cheerful Corners" offers a moving example of this reconciled and reconciling vision. It's all contained in the poignant sense of that word cheerful—its suggestion of suffering endured, gotten through, faced down. The opening sentence of the story also echoes this theme. It reads, "The storm broke just before tea." In Patricia Zelver's world, as in ours, storms are always breaking out, and they must be contained so that tea—or life—can go on. Cheerful Corners is an inn by the sea (Carmel, California) run by Margaret Canning Hopkins, aged 69, known to the five regulars who annually stay at the inn as "Hoppy." A woman with a large gift for "the Personal," Hoppy creates for her elderly guests a safe and convivial atmosphere. Into this atmosphere, blown in as it were by the storm, comes a new guest, Mr. Montgomery. At first he puzzles the Regulars; then Colonel Bliss shakes his hand and decides that he will do. Mr. Montgomery is tired; declining to stay for tea, he goes straight to his cabin to rest. Next morning, Sam, the woman who helps Hoppy take care of the inn, finds his body there: a suicide.

The storm has broken in; panic spreads in Cheerful Corners. Over tea that afternoon, the Colonel says that Mr. Montgomery could not have been a gentleman; he should have known that his suicide would give the place a bad name. His wife ("It had been a year since her Radical; should she go, before the Colonel, where else but at Cheerful Corners would he find the admiration and respect that was his due.") volunteers that he might have been suffering from an incurable disease. Miss Stengle, lately retired from her post at the San Mateo Public Library, says that it might have been a disappointment. George and Evan are shocked. Everyone is shaken. Briskly, Hoppy moves to stop the panic. "Her voice was firm; her manner, assured." Mr. Montgomery, she tell them, has paid Cheerful Corners a compliment by choosing to die there, at a nice place, among nice people, rather than at some lonely Hilton or Hyatt. Moreover, he has left a small gift—expressly not a tip—to pay for the trouble he has caused.

> 'And so I repeat, that I feel flattered and humbled by Mr. Montgomery's decision, and this is how I intend to view the whole sad affair. Sam, I believe the Colonel might enjoy more jam.'
>
> The little group of Regulars looked at Hoppy with love and admiration. They felt soothed and steadied, as if they had drunk a nourishing broth. . . .

An unforgettable ending. Hoppy's face—I see it wearing a plucky smile—is the sign of Patricia Zelver's life-bracing art.

Jack Beatty

To Our Readers

Frederick Wiseman's film, *Manoeuvre*, reviewed in Paul Fussell's "On Soldiering" (*TNR*, January 19) will be shown on public television, March 20, from 9-11 p.m.

Forster letters

We are preparing a two-volume edition, authorized by the Trustee for the Forster Estate, of *Selected Letters of E.M. Forster* and would appreciate hearing from individuals and institutions possessing letters from, to, or about Forster. We would also like to be informed about related materials, such as manuscripts or photographs. We would take the greatest care of any materials entrusted to us and would return them as promptly as possible. Alternatively, we would be most happy to arrange and pay for photocopying.

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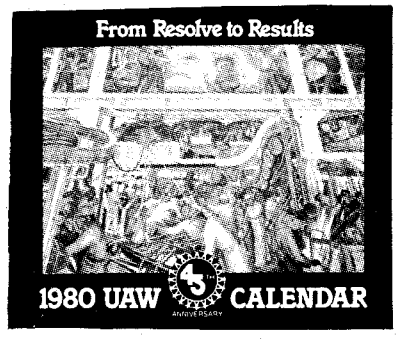

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Washington Diarist

Poormouthing

The 1980 Economic Report of the President, issued January 30, is the first one since this exercise began in 1946 that predicts a recession for the coming year. Of course there have been several recessions since 1946, but all the previous ones have arrived unheralded by the White House. This year's report also is the first one to admit in advance that there will be double-digit inflation. Last year the White House predicted inflation for 1979 of 7.5 percent—a mere 80 percent underestimate. Since these reports have established a record of unjustified optimism, and since President Carter presents his unprecedentedly grim forecast in a nonchalant way, with no serious plans to do anything about it, this might seem like a good moment to retire to an abandoned cave with your Krugerrands and a few crates of canned tuna. But I suspect Carter of cunning. He is trying to adapt to real problems a solution from the fantasy world of primary politics, where he excels. In that world, the dizzying attentions and short memories of the media have changed the goal from "doing well" to "doing better than expected." Campaign managers work hard to create an atmosphere of pessimism and gloom in the days before each test, so that the actual results, however modest, can be interpreted as "victory." Last week, for example, in front of a crowd of reporters, George Bush's campaign manager bet David Broder of the *Washington Post* $100 that his candidate would lose the New Hampshire primary. This is $100 well spent if it can undermine the dangerous news that Bush is leading in the polls. President Carter may think that if, by next fall, inflation is running at "only" 9.9 percent (which would mean prices doubling every seven and a half years) and the economy is "merely" static, rather than actually shrinking, he can declare that his economic "program" (sic) is a success. And if this technique works, as it very well may, it opens all sorts of possibilities for further triumphs during Carter's second term. Next January he can predict that Soviet troops will occupy all of Western Europe before the year is out. Then, when they only reabsorb Yugoslavia, it will be a victory for American military might. By January 1984, the president will be promising outbreaks of bubonic plague, collapse of the Hoover Dam, a third volume of Kissinger memoirs; then congratulating himself if any of these dread events doesn't come to pass.

I have been the victim of an even more underhanded Carter campaign ploy. A friend who works at the Carter-Mondale headquarters slipped me a little goldish lapel button with a facsimile of Jimmy Carter's signature. He said it signified that the wearer had given $1000 to the reelection campaign. As a little jest, I pinned it onto my best grey suit and went strolling around downtown Washington to test the reaction. But I soon tired of strangers' stares of pity and disbelief, and that's when I discovered that the joke is on me: the wretched thing won't come off. The mechanism that holds it on is locked into place and will not budge. After 10 minutes of futile exertion, I could almost hear the voice of Rod Serling croaking in my ear, "You have just stepped into . . . the Twilight Zone." Now I face a nightmarish dilemma: either support President Carter or buy a new suit. My friend at Carter CREEP says that I'm not the first to complain about these tenacious insignia. This suggests that the defect may be intentional. It also suggests that others among my fellow $1000 givers have decided it's time to take the button off.

All this talk about George Bush naturally makes one think of Elliot Richardson. This is a privilege we have not enjoyed too often of late. Thoughts of Elliot Richardson can only be ennobling and purifying to the mind, but I did worry briefly that I was hallucinating when I saw the cover photo on January's *Washington Dossier*, our local answer to *Palm Beach Life*. The scene is a schoolroom, with a blackboard and well-dressed little schoolboys sitting at little desks, except that the little desk in the foreground is occupied, surrealistically, by what appears to be a very large effigy or replica or lookalike of the most former man in America. An explanation inside revealed, to my initial relief and then greater astonishment, that it *is* Elliot Richardson, who agreed to pose in a classroom at St. Alban's School in Washington to illustrate the great contribution private schools have made to our nation's leadership. I doff my cap. Nothing could better illustrate the modesty and the devotion to public service of our American thoroughbreds than this man's willingness to humiliate himself so ludicrously in a worthy cause.

Another promising portent for our country's future came in a small story on the *Post* business page last month. The Telephone Company has decided to introduce the era of long-distance laser communications by installing the world's longest laser beam transmission line between Washington, DC, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. A cable half an inch wide will add the capacity for 80,000 more conversations to the nation's premier intellectual circuit. It is reassuring for us here in Washington to know that, in the challenging years ahead, important policy formulation will not be delayed by the lack of a free line to Cambridge. And the savants along the Charles needn't watch helplessly as the nation's leaders make wrong turns, while attempts to phone in course correctives before it is too late are foiled by busy signals. Here at *The New Republic* we do our bit to keep the Cambridge-Washington lines humming. Now the editor-in-chief and I can discuss Israel's security needs at length (as they deserve), without fear that we are blocking Samuel Huntington's instructions to the Pentagon that it's time to start World War III.

The totalitarian state has a variety of methods available for punishing troublemakers. Besides straightforward imprisonment, banishment, etc., there are petty harassments made possible by state control over all aspects of life. I suppose this was the point of an odd comment in a recent dispatch from Moscow by Craig Whitney in the *New York Times*. Writing about the banishment of Andrei and Yelena Sakharov, Whitney reported that Mrs. Sakharov sent a reassuring telegram from the city of Gorki, where the Sakharovs had been banished, to her mother in Moscow 250 miles away. "The telegram, marked urgent, took five hours for delivery," Whitney wrote. Five hours! I don't think you can get a telegram delivered around the block in less than five hours here in the land of the free. The last telegram I had anything to do with also was marked urgent. It was Mort Kondracke's dispatch from the Iowa caucuses, and it took 17 hours to be delivered. Is *TNR* the victim of petty harassment by the Carter regime?

M.E.K.

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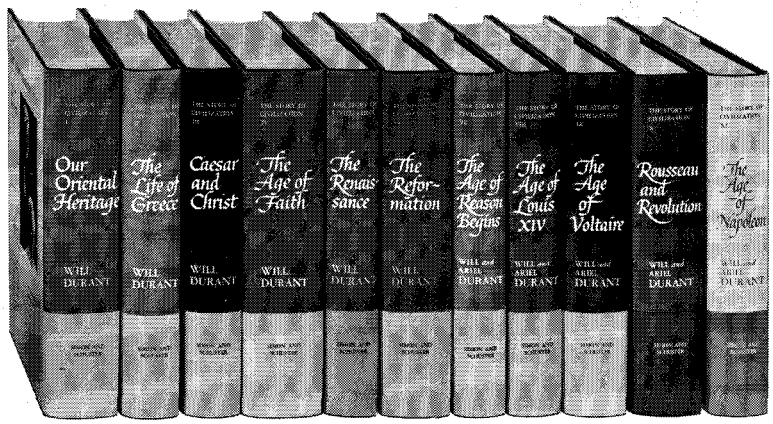

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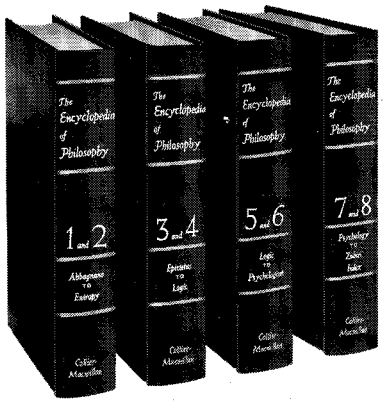

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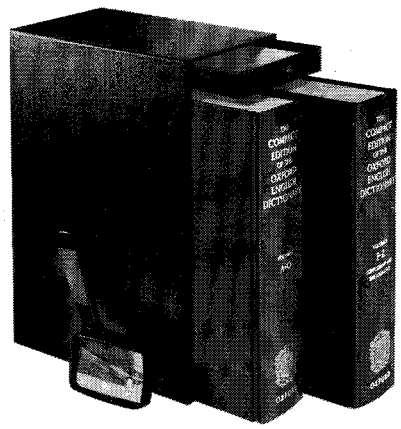

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